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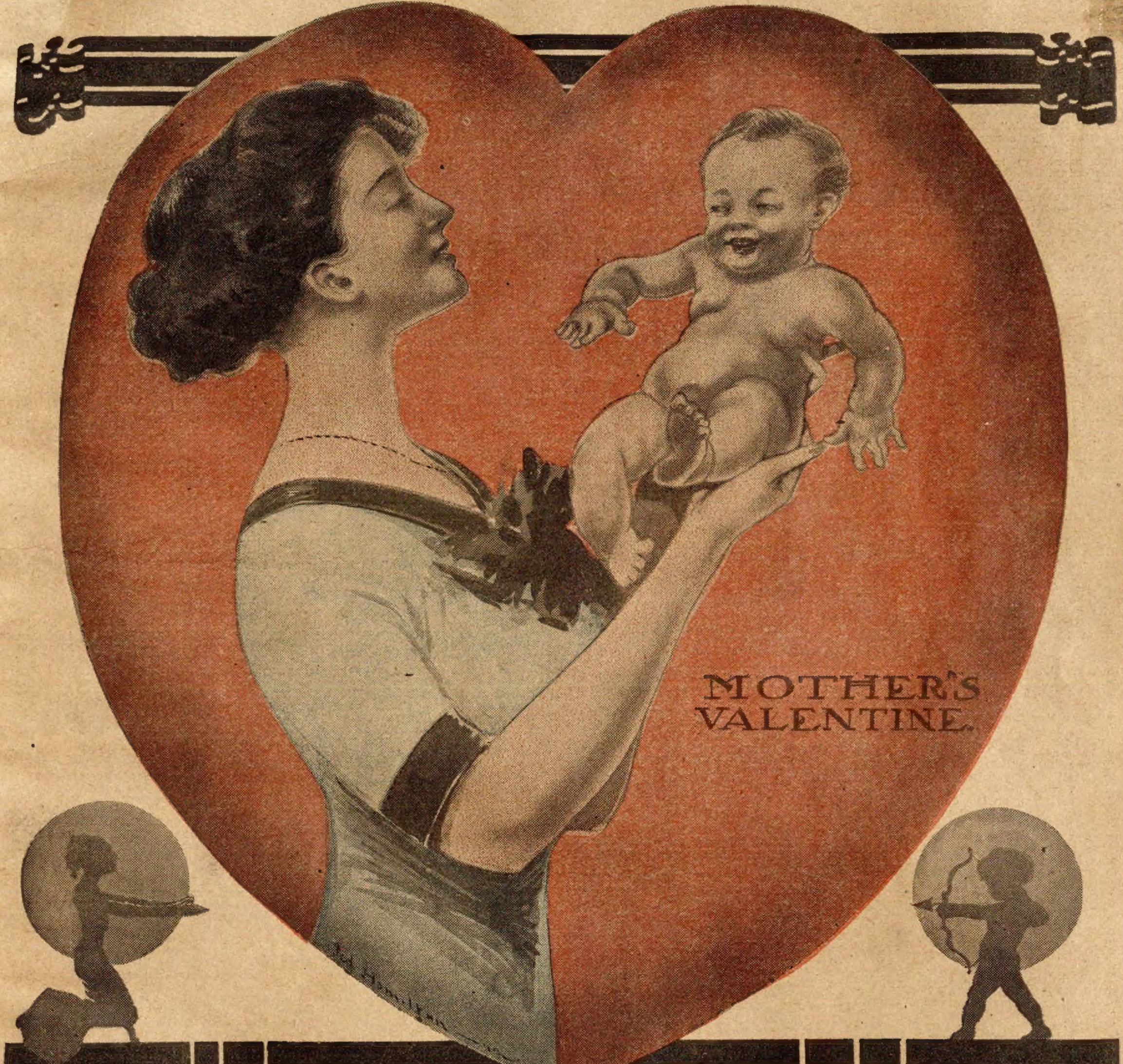

A MOTHER'S VALENTINE

I love thee, sweetheart mine! May all the balmy air
To thy young, listening ear my tender message bear!
I love thee, and would fain, with subtle skill, impart
The knowledge of my love to thy responsive heart!

I love thee, sweetheart mine! May all the sun's glad light
Bring to thine inmost soul love's radiance pure and bright!
I love thee, and would have each gentle, golden ray
Speak with a mother's tongue that which dumb lips should say.

Out West Stories

THE CROOKED TRAIL

By PHILIP R. KELLAR

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JIM DAWSON, prospector by occupation and occasional gambler by inclination, slammed and locked the door of his scantily furnished room, shook the snow from his shoulders with a grunt, glanced quickly about the room, peered through the window, drew the curtains, and unlocked and opened the door into a large closet.

"All right, Johnny, you can come out now," he said quickly.

'Criminy, but it's dark in that hole!" The boyish-looking man rubbed his eyes as he limped out into the room. "What's the news?"

"Yes, it's dark." Dawson ignored the question. "I'm sorry I had to keep you in there. Three days of it is enough punishment, no matter what a man's been doing."

"Even if he's been stealing horses, eh?" The younger and smaller man stretched himself and laughed mirthlessly.

"I don't believe you've gone very far along the crooked trail," the miner replied. "Sit down. I want to talk. The Yellow Gulch vigilantes are pretty watchful, but I believe you can make your getaway tonight if the snow doesn't get much deeper."

"You bet I'll not be sorry, either," cried Johnny. "I'll chalk this up and remember it against you, Jim."

"You'll forget it and me and everything else in this country," replied Dawson, curtly. "That's our bargain. You are going back East and be decent."

Johnny walked to the window, peeped under the curtain, and returned to the table beside which sat Dawson. For a moment he looked at the big miner, wonderingly.

"Yes," Johnny said, "I'll promise. But say, Jim, I'd like to know why you're so bent on reforming Lame Johnny."

"I think," Dawson leaned back and spoke at the ceiling, "that every fellow ought to have a chance to be decent if he wants it. I'd want that chance. I do want it. I believe you do. I'm no soul-saver, but I try to play square. You are still a kid, Johnny, and you've got a chance. I don't believe you're bad at heart, and I know you haven't done half the things people say you have. That's why I've kept you hid here in my room, waiting for a chance to slip you out of these diggings."

"You haven't let me tell my story," Johnny replied.

"Don't want to hear it," Dawson replied, gruffly. "You did me a good turn once, and I'd do something to pay back, even if I didn't think there's pay dirt in you. Besides," Dawson's voice softened, "you may have a mother or a father or sister somewhere wondering what's become of you."

"I have a——"

"Never mind," Dawson interrupted. "Don't tell me if you have. I don't want to know. Sh!"

A nervous rap on the door caused the whispered warning. Dawson pushed Johnny back into the closet and opened the outer door without haste. He started at sight of a woman in a long black cloak, her face hidden by a heavy veil. She entered, closed the door, and looked apprehensively about. She was gasping for breath.

"I—I suppose," she stammered, "you—you are surprised to see me, Mr. Dawson?"

"I was—a bit." The miner smiled reassuringly. "Please sit down, Miss Barton."

The girl dropped into a chair. Dawson lighted the lamp, turning his back on her and delaying the task to give her time to recover.

"Yes," he added, as he turned toward her after, the veil was thrown back from her face, "daughters of parsons don't usually call on—on such men, especially when the parson has forbidden them to speak to him."

"Not even in the West?" She tried to smile.

"Not even in the West."

For several seconds they looked at each other.

"You had a reason for coming," Dawson said presently, trying to be gentle. "What is it? Are you in trouble? Can I help you?"

"Oh, no!" Her words came quickly. "I didn't come for help, but to help, to try to repay you for saving me from the river in the cloudburst last summer." He waved his hand deprecatingly. "Oh, don't try to make me think it was nothing! I'll not let you." She laughed, but became serious immediately. "You are in danger."

"I have been most of my life," he replied simply.

"Oh, do listen!" She was impatient and anxious. "The vigilantes are on their way here. They have found a man who says he saw you talking with Lame Johnny last week out in the hills. They think you know where he is, and are coming to make you tell."

Dawson's face became stern, and he dropped his hand to the butt of his revolver.

"No," he said slowly, "I don't think they'll try to make me do that. They know me too well."

"Please don't fight," she pleaded. "I came just to prevent that. I don't want you to fight them."

Her anxious manner brought back the smile to his face, and he spoke tenderly.

"You've risked a great deal for my sake, Louise," he said.

"It's—it's little enough, after what you did for me."

Her glance dropped before his steady, questioning look.

"Sometimes," he said slowly, "I think you would really like for me to tell you what I think of you."

"No, no!" She arose and walked nervously to the window. "You must not."

"You mean because of—your brother?"

"Yes." Louise came back to the table and gave him a steady look. "I must take care of father. He is getting old. He is not happy. He has been failing steadily since Frank left home five years ago. It was mostly father's sternness, and that makes his sorrow greater. That's why we came West—to hunt for Frank—but we haven't found any trace of him."

"You've never told me much about him," Dawson spoke gently. "What is he like?"

"Frank is slight, and looks much like a boy," Louise replied, seeming to be looking into the past. "He has dark hair and is quite pale and limps from an old football hurt in his ankle." Dawson started slightly and looked quickly at the closet door. Louise was removing a locket from about her neck, and did not notice the movement. She handed the trinket to Dawson. "This is a picture of Frank as he was five years ago," she explained.

The miner seemed to study the picture intently, though he was trying to think of a better plan to make Lame Johnny's escape more certain. There was no doubt of his identity. The picture, though it showed a younger and happier face, was still the picture of Lame Johnny. An impatient, authoritative knock on the door interrupted him and frightened Louise, and she started toward the closet.

"No," Dawson whispered, "don't hide! That would be foolish. You've no cause to be ashamed of being here. We'll face it together. Come, be brave!"

He placed her in a chair beside the window, partly hidden by the curtain, sat at the table facing the door, and bade the knocker enter. The spare, tall form of the Reverend Arthur Barton stalked in. Dawson stifled his surprise.

"Good evening, parson," he called. "I wasn't expecting a call from you. Won't you sit down?"

"No, I'll stand." Barton bowed belligerently. "My stay will be brief. I came to perform a most painful duty."

"That's too bad," replied Dawson, courteously. "Can I help you?"

"It is in my line of duty, sir," Barton said stiffly. "That frequently is unpleasant."

"I believe the world would be much happier if people would stop thinking it their duty to do unpleasant things," answered Dawson.

"I did not come to bandy words, Mr. Dawson," retorted the pastor. "I—I owe you something for saving my daughter's life. That makes the duty painful."

"I cancel the indebtedness now." Dawson arose and stood between Barton and the door, so his caller would not look toward Louise.

"No, I must repay it," Barton replied stiffly. He warmed to his subject. "As you know, I have no personal animosity toward you. Personally, I am your debtor, but your—er——"

"My uncertain business and my—er—unfortunate habit?" Dawson almost smiled. "Yes, I understand. It may please you to know, parson, that I've quit gambling—nearly three months ago."

"I am very glad to hear it." Barton rubbed his hands. "I am glad to know that my efforts are bearing fruit in Yellow Gulch, in your heart. You are aware, Mr. Dawson;" he spoke proudly, 'that since my arrival here the town has er—become more respectable." He paused to let Dawson have time to digest the statement. Jim nodded, and Barton continued. "And some of our—er—our most prominent citizens have—you see— they have decided that—that you are not a desirable citizen."

"Hem!" Dawson coughed in surprsie. "Who came to that conclusion?"

"That is beside the question," Barton answered, with an air of finality. "Though I might say that I know such a sentiment exists. I also know the vigilantes have knowledge of your association and friendship with this Lame Johnny. The good people of Yellow Gulch are greatly wrought up."

Dawson, though he had suspected the cause of Barton's call, was surprised.

"I admit I know Lame Johnny and have helped him," the miner said forcefully. "He's a poor kid that got started on the crooked trail, but he's not all bad. He'd be decent if people would help him—even if they'd let him alone."

"Perhaps," Barton replied. "But this discussion is leading nowhere. The vigilantes are coming to arrest you. Last night the stage was held up by Lame Johnny and another man, and the driver was killed. They think you are the other man. They are certain you know where Lame Johnny is. I trust there will be no violence. I should not like to have bloodshed mark the moral awakening of Yellow Gulch. I have warned you and repaid my debt."

While Dawson dryly murmured his thanks, Barton strode toward the door. A commotion was heard outside in the street. Barton turned toward the window, saw Louise huddled in the chair, and sprang to her side, clutching her arm angrily.

"Louise!" he cried. "What does this mean?" He turned on Dawson furiously. "How dare you!"

"Easy there, parson," said Dawson gently, as he unclasped Barton's hand from the girl's arm. "She just came to tell me the same thing you did—except she wasn't quite so harsh."

"I forbid you to speak to this man." Barton shook his finger, quivering with anger, at Louise, and his fist at Dawson. "This gambler, this friend and associate of highwaymen and murderers! Perhaps one himself!"

"You must forgive him," Louise said gently to Dawson. "His own sorrow makes him seem hard at times."

"Louise!" Barton cried. "I am utterly astounded at you and your actions." He raised his cane threateningly at her. "You——"

Dawson caught the cane and spun Barton half across the room. His voice was hard when he spoke.

"Now you be careful what you say. Maybe she is right about your sorrow making you hard. I always thought sorrow had the opposite effect."

Louise trembling, did not pull back when Dawson put his arm gently about her. She leaned confidingly against him. Barton's anger fed on the sight. He started for the door exclaiming:

"I'll have the men come immediately! I'll tell them the sort of a man you are! I'll not lift a voice to prevent them from hanging you."

"Father! Stop!" Louise started after Barton, but Dawson held her back.

"Now, Mr. Barton," the miner said, with quiet sternness, "you'd better calm down and think. Better go and tell those men not to come. You've worked on their passions. You tell them you've made a mistake."

"I?" Barton stopped in amazement. Dawson brought his revolver into view. "I'll do no such thing," Barton added. "If blood is shed it will be your own fault."

"Wait a minute!" Dawson's command caused Barton to stop with his hand on the knob. "If you won't listen to reason, maybe you'll listen to something else. What will be said if every Tom, Dick and Harry in Yellow Gulch knows your daughter has been here—alone—at night."

"Jim!" Louise tried to put her hand over his mouth.

"There, there, sweetheart!" The tender look returned to Dawson's face. "It's no time to mince words when you're talking with a man gone crazy with anger."

Barton stared at them. Dawson put his arm about Louise and backed behind the table. Neither he nor she saw the closet door open and Lame Johnny enter. The pastor's face blanched and his chin shook. Dawson turned just as Barton wailed: "My son! My son!"

"That's me, governor," Johnny said cheerfully, walking toward his father with hand extended.

"Frank!" Louise ran to him.

"You idiot!" Dawson shook his fist at Johnny.

"I've heard what you've been saying," said Johnny. "Now, governor, you better hurry and tell the men you made a mistake."

"But—but——"

"For God's sake, do something," Johnny cried. "I'm Lame Johnny! Do you want to see me strung up!"

Barton raised his face upward. A moment they watched him in silence.

"Better take his hand, parson," Dawson said. "There's no blood on it. He hasn't been out of this room for three days."

"Is that true?" Barton looked eagerly, hopefully, at the two men.

"Sure it is," Frank replied. "I've never shot anybody. I've never stolen anything. I just got mixed up with a bad bunch, but I got away as soon as I could—with Jim's help."

Dawson had been thinking rapidly, and when the father released his son from a bearlike hug the miner spoke rapidly.

"Parson you go to the window and tell the boys you've made a mistake, and tell 'em to come on up and you'll give the particulars." Barton stood still, not comprehending. "Hurry," Dawson said, "before they get so fired they'll not listen to anything or anybody. It's our only chance."

Presently the vigilantes came trooping into the room guns in their hands, man-lust looks on their face. The leaders stopped suddenly when they saw Louise standing between Dawson and her brother, a hand on each shoulder, with her father just in front of her. But they were quickly pushed farther into the room by those behind them. All looked from that silent group back to each other questioningly. They felt that something unusual had happened, and they listened attentively when the parson addressed them.

"Friends," Barton began haltingly, "I've made a big mistake, the biggest mistake a man can make. I have presumed to judge another man, and I have judged unrighteous as well as untrue judgment. I am sorry for the things I have said about Mr. Dawson, and I want you to listen to him and to believe what he tells you."

The men were silent, waiting for Dawson to speak.

"You boys know I ain't much of a talker," said Dawson, discarding the correct language he knew how to use. "I just say what I've got to say and say it quick. You know me. I've been livin' in the Gulch for ten years. Nobody ever knew me to do anything that wasn't on the dead level. You seem to have the goods on me now, but you ain't. This boy's been hid in that closet for three days. He ain't been out. He's Lame Johnny. He didn't rob that stage, and he never rustled any horses. He just got in with a bad gang. I knew that. He pulled me out of a hole three years ago when I had my leg broke and was starvin' and freezin' to death. He wanted to be decent. That's why I made up my mind to help him. I know there's a good pay streak in him. I was going to sent him back East to his folks. That's why I brought him here."

He had been watching their faces intently, to catch the first sign of approval. He stopped when he saw several such signs, feeling that the battle was half won.

"All right," cried one of the men. "Let's send him back now."

Dawson smiled. "He don't have to be sent to his folks." The men waited expectantly. "His folks are here. Here's his father and here's his sister." The disclosure was so great they received it in silence. "The parson," Dawson added, "wants to stay in Yellow Gulch and——"

"And try to undo some of the things I've done wrong," Barton interrupted.

"And Johnny—but his name's Frank—his real name—wants to stay here," Dawson continued, "and prove to us all that he'll assay pretty high if he's given a chance."

"Let 'em stay!" cried several of the men.

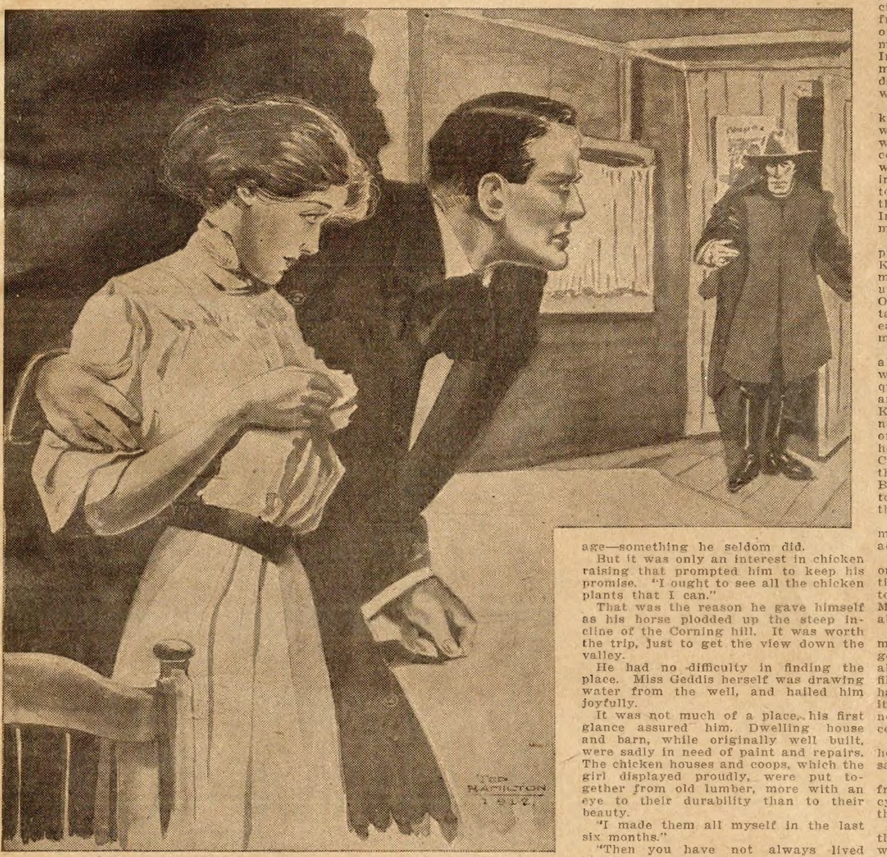
"What about you, Jim?" called another.

"Me?" Dawson's smile widened. "Why, I'm going away—just for a little while—on my honeymoon. I'll start tonight," he put his arm about Louise and drew her closer, "if one of you open-mouth dummies will hustle out the clerk and get a marriage license for Miss Louise

Washington's Birthday Issue Next Week
AND
A Great Leading Story Entitled
The Wall Street Nemesis
Or, A Woman's Vengeance
By George T. Hargreaves
Other Splendid Features. Get This Issue Sure.

Barton and James B. Dawson, so the parson can splice us while everybody's agreeable."

Three men started out with a whoop. Louise tried to protest. Frank grinned. The Reverend Arthur Barton still looked dazed. The other men crowded about, shouting the!· congratulations, apologies, good wishes, until, before the license was brought back, they had convinced Louise that her objections were of no consequence.



"If you won't listen to reason maybe you'll listen to something else."

Every one insisted upon being the best man, and each one did "stand up" with Dawson, while Barton read the service, and the happy quondam Lame Johnny gave the excitedly joyous bride away.

"Best wedding that's ever took place in Yellow Gulch" was the comment of the men.

"Best wedding I've ever seen or heard about or read of," said Dawson.

Look out for another Out West Story in next week's Ledger. Its title is "A Cross-eyed Cupid." It is a story of love and fighting in the West, and you will find it well worth reading.

* * *

A FAIR RIVAL.

"Go to the country to live, and keep out of doors as much as you can."

Herbert Vane gave an exclamation of disgust. "I hate the country. And what about my degree?"

Dr. Day shook a warning finger. "Just you leave that degree alone unless you want to die as young as your father did. If you must have something to do, go in for chickens. You will find that they will absorb your surplus knowledge of chemistry and biology."

That was why young Vane bought the River Road farm and started in to make his fortune. Not that this latter was exactly necessary. But he grimly determined, if he had to give up all of his cherished plans on account of his health, he would at least have a sanitarium that paid for its own running expenses.

At the end of six months he was rather surprised to find that he had grown very much interested in the place. Even his short evenings were spent in poring over farm journals, or, more often, poultry magazines, for he had contracted a bad case of hen fever.

When he came to consult his bank books, however, he was confronted by a long list of debits. The chickens had been the cause of the greatest outlay, and the least returns. New stock, new houses and high-priced food, footed up an astounding total.

It was in vain that he assured himself that the whole did not amount to more than a trip abroad would have cost. As a poultryman he was a failure.

How to make chickens pay, that was the question. A phrase, constantly repeated in the daily papers, recurred to him. The consumer's dollar. He must manage to get more of it.

He had been shipping to a city commission house. Now there must be housewives in the village who would be glad to get eggs guaranteed to be strictly fresh. At least once a week he drove there for supplies. He would establish an egg route.

A morning's canvassing brought him all the customers he could supply and for some weeks all went smoothly. Then, in constantly increasing numbers, his eggs went a-begging.

"No, I don't need any eggs. Miss Geddis brought me some yesterday."

This is what he heard frequently.

"I feel that I ought to buy from Miss Geddis," one of his best customers explained. "She belongs to our club."

Who was this Geddis person? And why did she persist in butting in on his egg route?

"If this keeps on much longer I will have to fall back on the commission men," he said wrathfully.

He was on his way home with his basket half full of eggs when someone hailed him. He looked up to see a brown-eyed girl, standing beside a very much dilapidated horse and wagon.

Vane jumped down and asked what was the matter.

"It is the old harness. It is always breaking," cheerfully. "You are Mr. Vane—I have been wanting to meet you. Perhaps you may have heard of me, too. I am Miss Geddis."

He stiffened with a renewed sense of injury. Perhaps she saw it.

"I suppose you think I am pretty mean to sell eggs to your customers," she added hastily. "But I found out that you did not need to sell them and I do."

Her frankness was disarming.

"You know you were not very regular," roguishly. "Sometimes you missed a week or two."

Yes, he remembered, shamefacedly, that had happened, not once, but several times. Either is was a trip to the city that interfered or the weather.

As they worked over the harness he found his resentment vanishing.

"Thank you so very much," as she at l climbed up on her rickety seat. "Won't you come [illegible] and see me? I would like to talk over this egg business, and I have some chickens of which I am very proud. I live out on the Corning road, the last place before you come to the top of the mountains. Won't you come?"

He thought about her a good many times in the next few days—of her brave eyes and frank speech. The fact was, he was young and rather lonely, and it was good to talk to a person of his own age—something he seldom did.

But it was only an interest in chicken raising that prompted him to keep his promise. "I ought to see all the chicken plants that I can."

That was the reason he gave himself as his horse plodded up the steep incline of the Corning hill. It was worth the trip, just to get the view down the valley.

He had no difficulty in finding the place. Miss Geddis herself was drawing water from the well, and hailed him joyfully.

It was not much of a place, his first glance assured him. Dwelling house and barn, while originally well built, were sadly in need of paint and repairs. The chicken houses and coops, which the girl displayed proudly, were put together from old lumber, more with an eye to their durability than to their beauty.

"I made them all myself in the last six months."

"Then you have not always lived here?"

"Oh, no. I was brought up in the country, but after father died I went to work in a city store. I could not stand it there," with a little grimace. "The bad air made me sick. When Aunt Martha asked me to live with her I was glad to come. Aunt Martha has a pension, but it's not big enough for two. That's why I started the chickens."

While she talked, she had been showing her chickens, handling them lovingly. Vane had to admit that she had a fine lot of young ones coming on.

"You hatched out all those with hens?" he asked incredulously.

"Yes, indeed, and I have hardly lost one."

"You certainly understand the chicken business."

"It is because I am so fond of them," giving a final stroke to her pet rooster.

Later, in the house, over some of Aunt Martha's very good gingerbread, Miss Geddis made an apology.

"I am afraid I have not been nice about that egg route," shamefacedly. "When I found out you had all the best people I was just desperate. I went a day earlier, to try and sell mine first, and I joined the Woman's Club to boom my trade. But what I want to know is—why don't you ask more than the store does?"

Vane humbly admitted that it had never occurred to him to ask more.

"We ought to get more than for those old cold storage eggs. We have a monopoly of the fresh eggs in this town and we ought to make the people pay. It made me mad to get so little after all my hard work, but I did not dare to raise my price above yours."

For a moment she devoted herself to the gingerbread. Then, half-timidly, "I wonder why we don't form a partnership. I believe that I can sell eggs better than you can. It would be much better to have a route in Radnor instead of one in our village. There are more rich people there and they would pay better prices. Only I have not had enough eggs to make it worth while to go that far. Now if I could sell your eggs as well as mine," tentatively.

The partnership was formed then and there and it prospered. It prospered so exceedingly that in the course of a year it was incorporated under a new name—Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Vane.

* * *

ALONE.

Ione Webber had had her eye on Cutler for a long time.

Ione was quite old enough to judge correctly, when it came to appraising eligible men, and she entirely appreciated the advantages one would gain from being Mrs. Cutler. To the frivolous fluffy debutante, uninstructed by her mother, Cutler might not have appealed. In fact, she would probably have dismissed the idea of Cutler with a disdainful shrug and a few murmured words, such as: "That cross old thing!"

Cutler really wasn't so very old. Ione knew he was not more than 40, but he was a settled, bred in the bone bachelor, with a snappy manner of ordering the conversation, a habit of taking his own way, an irritating disregard for women in spite of his perfect glacial courtesy toward them. Everybody, however, knew that his income ran up into five figures. In fact, Cutler was perfectly good matrimonial material going to waste.

He was so thoroughly barricaded and protected and hedged in by Barker and Kawcer in the expensive bachelor apartments the three joined forces in keeping up that he seemed absolutely hopeless. One bachelor is possible, but when you take them in threes it is just about as easy to impress them as it would be to make dents in the face of Gibraltar.

Therefore, when Kawcer, in a spell of abstraction, was captured and married while in another city on a visit, Ione quite cheered up. Every little helped, and the object lesson furnished by the Kawcers, absurdly happy in their brand new home and shedding an atmosphere of orange blossoms about the neighborhood, could not be entirely ignored by Cutler. Also it partially depopulated the bachelor apartment. Cutler and Barker, left by themselves, could not fail to be lonely. It would naturally set them thinking.

Still, Cutler was far from being sentimentally sad on the occasion when he accepted Ione's invitation to call.

"It must seem odd," she remarked on one occasion, when she was looking particularly well, "for you and Mr. Barker to have that great flat all to yourselves. Mr. Kawcer's going must have just about spoiled your pleasure in it."

"Oh, I don't know," said Cutler, argumentatively. There's lots more room to get around since Kawcer left—he's an absurdly big chap, you know, and he fills up space alarmingly. Besides, I have an extra closet now, and I needed it. No, we get along better than ever now, though, of course, we regret Kawcer."

"Mercy! You speak of him as though he had died instead of married!" Ione said, a trifle sharply.

"Same sort of ending, as far as his friends go," said the impervious Cutler, cynically. 'Would you mind playing that Schubert thing I like?"

But Ione did not despair. It was something to have Cutler drop in once in a while as he did, because habit, as she knew, counts for a great deal with a man. She could not expect a person of Cutler's temperament to be enthusiastic and devoted as would be another kind of man. One could manage to dispense with a good deal of flowery devotion when substantial items such as position and an assured income were in plain sight.

A year later, when Barker's engagement was announced, it was to Ione quite as cheering as getting a present from home. It certainly meant Cutler delivered, bound and helpless, into her hands, for he would be completely upset at the breaking up of his home.

She knew he came oftener to see her than he went to see any one else. She had worked hard to convince him that he was safe and protected when in her company. Once she had gone so far as to remark that she did not think she should ever care to marry. Cutler was not sufficiently sophisticated to take alarm at that, receiving the remark at its face value.

Ione had a subtle air of triumph as she came down to receive Cutler soon after she had learned of Barker's defection. She had planned half her trousseau before she had done more than murmur "Good evening," and she permitted herself to beam upon Cutler recklessly.

He was more confidential in his talk that evening than was his habit and he seemed inclined to be a bit pensive.

"The idea of old Barker deserting the ranks!" he mourned. "I never was so surprised in my life! It just shows that you never can tell what a man will do!"

Ione's heart jumped as she smiled and bent toward him.

"Whatever shall you do," she asked in innocent, interested tones, "with Mr. Barker married and gone and you left there—all alone—with no one to speak to or to be interested in you or to cheer you up?"

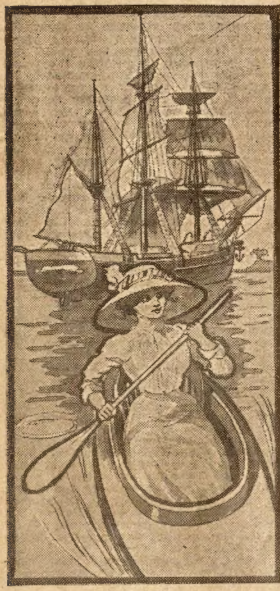
There followed a thrilling silence and she dropped her eyes and sat very still.

Then Cutler spoke. "Oh," he said, "that's all fixed. I've got Smith and Monroe to promise that they'll move over from the club and join me! We three will get along famously!"

THE ISLAND OF GOLD;

Or, THE SWORD OF THE SEA

By WILLIAM H. MANNING



She paddled toward the point.

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CHAPTER I.

THE GREAT TREASURE.

THE two men bent over the paper, brownish-yellow with age, but still of good texture, and scanned the written words there set down in ink that never had faded. The writing was plain, and the work of an educated man of two centuries back; and they had studied it until the chirography of its time had become familiar in a measure. Suddenly one of the two sat erect.

"An island of gold!" he exclaimed. "That expression gets hold of my very heart!"

"It surely has an enticing jingle. I seem to see it, too, but I hope that distance lends no enchantment to the view that will one day be ours."

"If we find it."

"Find it? Why, we've got to find it!"

"But it is in the middle of the Pacific Ocean."

"A very small matter when we are there, too."

"But the writer of this was so uncertain as to his latitude and longitude that we may not be able to find it."

"He is probably near enough to make all plain to a modern navigator. Then there is the description of the island. Rest assured there are few of that form. An island of gold! The thought has put a fever into my blood. Millions of dollars waiting for us!"

The speaker bent over the document. There was evidence that it was only a fragment. The first of the two pages bore the number "14" in the upper right-hand corner, and the writing began abruptly. It was only the ending of a rather extensive narrative. What remained read as follows:

"All that direful night I lay sleepless in my berth, listening to the dreadful wind and the crash of the waves on the stern of the wreck. Many times methought we should be rent in parts, deck, hull, and all, and oft I wished I had not yielded and consented to remain on board, but I knew the waves swept beyond where the Sword of the Sea was beached, and I ventured not to attempt to land.

"Lying there I meditated much on the perilous chances of the sea, my desperate plight, and the darksome front of the future. I remembered, likewise, my home nigh the Hudson, my enlistment in New York, the voyage, the capture of my vessel, the Pelican, by the pirate ship, and our strange voyage around the Cape, our entrance to the Pacific, and the taking of Zeraglio, the freebooter chief, to strong drink, his shocking cruelty, and the talk of his crew about an uprising that they never dared attempt. Then I remembered how the chief, mad with his potations, had me cornered in the cabin with his knife at my throat, and how I fired my pistol and the dreadful Zeraglio died at my feet.

"'Twas a deed done to save my own life, but oft the shape of the slain pirate came to haunt me, for I remembered, also, that I had been reared in godly ways, and that the shedding of blood was abhorred of godly men, so I had my fill of haunting thoughts and worriment.

"Morning broke at last, and the ship was still mainly sound, though the hold was breached and deep with water, and the Sword of the Sea could not have sailed again without much of repairs, even if she could have been floated, but float her we could not; she had driven so high upon the land that human powers could not put her back in the water, or so we then decided.

"The island upon which we were wrecked was an uncommon-looking one. Mayhap it contained five acres in the total, or possibly more, of which somewhat like the half was a slowly-rising, smooth field of sand, in part open and in part matted by some low shrubbery. This was at the west, where we drove ashore. The east half was a singular ridge, or uplift, with its outer side a gradual slope to the water, but with an odd front upon the level I have mentioned.

"I know not how better to describe it at that point than to say in these words: Take a half-moon and set it upon its straight edge, and then upon that set a longer quarter-moon. The half-moon was of solid gray rock, and the quarter-moon of earth, which was clad with trees and other vegetation. The rock was an even-rising cliff to some two hundred feet, and its length was mayhap two hundred yards. What I have called the quarter-moon covered it wholly at the summit and extended beyond at both ends, there meeting the ground and dwindling away to the north and south till it met the ocean.

"Such was the sight we saw, a gray cliff under a cap of green.

"When we had eaten, that awful morning, all fell to talking. What were we to do? Wrecked in a far region, we had no ship. Our boats were our one hope. If, however, we took to them we dared not be picked up by an honest vessel, for we all were pirates but myself, and I had, as I told you, been obliged to join them to save my life.

"Long time the talk was violent and to no purpose, but finally the buccaneers settled their future as well as might be. After Captain Zeraglio died, no man in the ship knew why we were in the Pacific, for he had told his plans to nobody, and we had no destination save as we planned. The plan, as agreed upon, was to take to our boats, go where we might fall in with a native vessel, seize it, and so resume our seafaring life after the old fashion, as best we could.

"But the treasure Zeraglio had so long been accumulating could not go with us, and hence it surely must be buried on the island, and this we set out to do. We brought it up from the hold, and truly the bulk of it and the richness of it was amazing. Gold, both in coins and bars, and wonderful jewels—my old blood creeps as I think of the madness of the men when we had it all in sight. They were like unto crazed persons, and when you think that they were what they were, can you wonder? The coins and the ingots were a mighty mass, almost fit for ballast to the Sword of the Sea—a pile that dumfounded the oldest of the men. For it had been Zeraglio's way, for twenty years, to add the spoils of each ship he sacked to the grand total, and no man kenned how much had been accumulated—until it was seen on deck.

Presently we went ashore and digged a deep pit hard by the very center of the gray cliff, and then we toiled long to convey the gold there and bury it. Deep as the pit was we had to enlarge it, extending it at both ends, but finally all was done and the accursed treasure was put under ground. Nor will the eye of man ever again behold it.

"Where we had found a mere patch of land with salt water laving its side—a single one of the countless like patches that sprinkle the Pacific Ocean—we had made an island of gold. One of our crew who had been a goldbeater, ere he took to devious ways, estimated the total value of the treasure at fifteen million English pounds, though mayhap he knew not well as to that. What matters it? When the trumpet of doom sounds and the heavens and earth fall into one, who will remember the island of gold?

"When all was done we prepared to leave, scarce knowing whither to sail. The commanding officer, since Pometti, the chief mate, was lost in the great storm, was Pol Boxdall, mate of the starboard watch, and he knew navigation but ill. He essayed to take the sun, and to use the common means of getting our position, and he made it that we were in latitude twenty-one degrees forty-four minutes south, and longitude one hundred and thirty-eight degrees twenty-two minutes west, and not far from the Tropic of Capricorn, casually speaking.

"When all was done we betook ourselves to the boat and left the island. Once, when we were many fathoms distant, I looked back and saw the gray cliff lying almost white under the quarter-moon of green, and the sight would ordinarily have been a comely view, but I remembered the wickedly-got gold wherewith we had affronted the once-fair earth, and shivering, I turned hastily away. Methought 'twas a sin even to rest the eye where the booty of piracy lay hidden.

"The rest of my adventures, dreadful though they were, in part, may well be briefly told, for it was the old tale of storm and distress, and it smites me sorely to dwell on such-like things longer. In brief, we were caught in another outbreak of nature, this time a violent squall, and it pounced upon us so swift and unexpected we failed to make land ere we were smitten. And thus it befell that our boats were overwhelmed, upturned, and flung here and there, and their wretched, wicked inmates went to their death. Of all the crew only myself was saved.

"Once more, as in the gale, I was cast upon an island alone, and in dread solitude. The place was without food, but there was a small fountain nigh its middle, and though I had nothing whereof to eat, I fell upon my knees and blessed heaven that I was spared when my evil shipmates lost their lives. In this I saw the hand of benign Providence stretched out to aid the godly and well-deserving.

"Two days I abode on that scant spot of land, and then came a canoe filled with dusky-skinned, simple-minded natives, by whom I was taken to their town, which they called Lotaotto, and most charitably treated. Methought I should long languish there, for you must know that civilized vessels were then well-nigh unknown in the Pacific, but after six months a Spanish barque, named the Wing of Peace, happily arrived with divers good exploring Jesuit fathers on board. How I was carried to their own country, and how I speedily went hence home to New York and firmly abandoned sea life you can easily understand.

"To no man did I tell of the island of gold. I mention it here merely because it was a trifling incident of my life among shocking men.

"This my tale is ended. It hath been writ to be a guide and a light to my sons, and to their children, and to future generations who carry my blood in their veins by proper descent. Methinks I do no ill to relate to them how I, their ancestor, went to the sea in a ship, and how manfully, yet religiously, I did demean myself under harsh usage; and how wonderful it was that I lost not my reason when with those sons of Belial, nor yet my composure. Where lesser souls would have faltered I was ever calm, and my wits worked wonderful well. 'Twas ever so with me, then and after. Looking back at my trials now, I wonder if anybody else could have brought himself through with success, but you must know I was an Inchwood, which explains it all. Also, that I was then in my twenty-eighth year, an age when man is, methinks, most well fitted for adventure.

"Last of all, I lay this injunction upon all of my blood who read these lines. Abandon all temptings of worldly pride and power, of wrong-doing, contention, and godless gain, and like myself give heed only to honesty, meekness, and modesty, and always the laws of God and His servants, you will ultimately join me in a port more glorious than living man has seen. Even so, for I know!

"Dated at New York, this second day of July, in the year of grace seventeen hundred and forty-one, and in the eighty-third year of my age.

"BRADYLL INCHWOOD."

When the last line was read—it was one of many like perusals—one of the two young men suddenly sat erect.

"Do you suppose, Robert," he asked, "that this paper has been in that old chest in the attic for over a century, its existence unknown to living man until our Uncle Ebenezer died? Did old Bradyll Inchwood store it there, or possibly one of his children, and has it been there ever since, undisturbed?"

"Well, this house is said to have been built in the year 1700. What you mention is possible. All we are sure of is that when uncle died, we found the attic filled with ancient things, and that the chest was mixed in with dilapidated chairs and other furniture of a period long past, together with miscellaneous trumpery, as Aunt Dorcas called it."

"There you have what I am getting at. Neither she nor Uncle Ebenezer cared for that attic accumulation; they thought it worthless. I once asked leave years ago to go up and see what was there, and was refused. Aunt Dorcas said I might possibly catch some disease from the old upholstered furniture."

"Your father and mine, John, were born and reared here, and we know they were of lively, adventurous nature. Did they, as children, never explore the attic?"

"That is my riddle. Putting it another way, are we the first in the one hundred and seven years that have elapsed since Bradyll Inchwood wrote this to know of the paper?"

"Hardly likely, but it may be nobody has seen it since his children died."

"Lucky Abner Caswell did not find it before we did. Well, we were talking about Captain Wood. Are we going to see him?"

"Emphatically yes!"

"And then we are going to find the island of gold?"

"Again, emphatically yes! Don't you say so?"

"I have not wavered a moment in my first decision. We will charter a vessel and go as soon as possible. Eh?"

The men looked at each other, smiled, and then clasped hands.

"Ho! for the island of gold!" exclaimed Robert.

CHAPTER II.

OFF IN SEARCH OF THE GOLD.

Captain Job Wood, retired shipmaster, smoked in a contented way, and incidentally surveyed the eager faces of Robert and John Inchwood. He had heard the ancient paper read, and the comments of the young men, but he was unwaveringly composed. Having sailed the seas for forty years, nothing was strange enough to excite him when he had his pipe.

"Believe it, do you?" he asked, half-gruffly.

"We surely do, Captain. Why not?"

"That handwrite is freaky enough to be of a former age, so I don't question that it was written then. So much granted. Now, let's see. Just who was Bradyll Inchwood?"

"All we know is that he was—he must have been—a far-back direct ancestor of ours. Taking his own statement of his age, we see he was born about 1658. Other ancestors of ours filled in the gap between him and our grandfather, who was born in 1774. That's about all we can tell you."

"It doesn't matter, anyhow. I take it you came here on some sort of business. Do you want me to advise you whether to present that paper to an antiquarian society, or is it merely to help me pass a lonely hour?"

"Captain Wood," said Robert, decisively, "we want to go after that buried gold, and have you command the ship that takes us!"

"Odd that I didn't think o' that before!" quoth the veteran, with a wink. "Oh! think of going after it, hey? Why not send a valet?"

"Now, look here, Captain, we are in dead earnest. If possible we want you to command our ship, and anyhow, we want your advice."

Job laid down his pipe deliberately.

"Boys," he replied, with a sudden change of tone, "you have been my good friends too many years for me to act frivolous when you are in 'arnest. It would be mean o' me. Now, about this affair. I have heard you read it all, and I guess I've missed precious little. The tale is a good one—perfectly dazzlin' in fact; an' I don't wonder at your feelin' as you do. If the case was simple I would say 'Done!' at first crack, an' off we would go. But it ain't simple. This is the year 1848, an' I understand you to make it out by the letter-writer's figgers that the gold was buried about the year 1686?"

"Yes."

"Long while ago. About how long?"

"One hundred and sixty-two years."

"Just so! A good many things may have happened in that stretch o' time."

"But the gold was buried, and Bradyll Inchwood was the only survivor of those who buried it."

"He says so, but offers no proof. At the end several boats—he don't say how many—were caught in the squall. He says all hands perished but him. He does not say how he knew. How could he know? With boats scuddin' in a squall it ain't likely he see them all turned over, an' knew their crews to be drowned to a man."

"By which you mean that possibly some of the real pirates survived, returned, and secured the gold from the island?"

"We must admit it's possible."

"Granted! We will, however, assume that it is not likely. What next? Do you doubt our ability to find the island?"

"You have sailed among the Pacific islands, haven't you, Captain?" interrupted John.

"Many's the time."

"Do you know that island?"

"No. The paper gives no name to it, and I never see one that looked like it. That don't count; if you take your map you will see the Pacific is simply littered with islands, and your map won't begin to show you all o' them, anyhow. What's that native town that is mentioned?"

"Lotaotto."

"Never heard of it, but that don't count either. Town an' island can be hunted for——"

"The paper gives the latitude and longitude."

"It says it is about so-an'-so—mark the expression, 'about!' Also, note that the mate—Poi Boxdall—who took the sun, an' so on, was known to be a poor navigator. To be frank, lads, that mate may have been a hundred miles out o' the way both as to latitude an' longitude."

"I noticed that complication."

"Still further, the gold was buried when Bradyll was twenty-eight years old, an' he wrote his account when he was in his eighty-third year. Did he carry the latitude an' longitude in his head all that time, or have it writ down? He scorned the money an' thought the gold accursed. This bein' so, would he make a note of it? All them years is a mighty long while to carry figgers in a feller's mind."

"Our hope is that they were so branded on his mind that he could not forget. Possibly, too, he was less indifferent than he claimed."

"We will hope so."

"Anyhow," exclaimed John, "all we have to do is to sail about until we sight what we want. We shall know the island when we see it."

"There is the worst pinch of all, boys!" said the skipper gravely. "I'm noways sure you will know it. It is in the warm belt o' the earth, an' subject to changes we don't know of hereabouts. A tidal wave may have changed the topograhical features o' the island beyond recognition, or a convulsion o' the earth may have utterly swallowed the island up. It may be half a mile under water!"

The visitors sat silent, gazing blankly at the Captain. They were hearing some things they had not expected.

"Mind," added Wood, hurriedly. "I don't say it has been so, but earthquakes disturb the ocean as well as the land, and islands rise, are seen for a while, and then sink back into the briny deep. The water may be placidly flowin' right over that island of gold!"

"Very cheerful!" commented John, curtly.

"All this by way of honest dealin' with you, boys. Now for the other side. Nature may have let the island alone, an' it may be easily found. I won't say it can't be."

"Will you try?" asked Robert, eagerly. "Your idee is——"

"To charter a vessel, get a crew with you in command, and so sail after that gold. If we get it, why, that's royal wealth; if we fail, we will have the pleasure trip, anyhow."

"Right at this point, let me explode another bomb. Bradyll says one o' the pirates estimated the worth of the treasure at fifteen million English pounds. That means, in round figures, sixty million dollars, United States money. Frankly, I don't think that the pirate was a good guesser, if he had been a goldbeater."

"We have considered that, and we're willing to admit he was a bad guesser. Although much of the treasure was in diamonds, the weight of the gold would be so enormous that it is not to be considered. Also, the claim that the pirates could accumulate so many millions is absurd. But suppose there is only thirty million dollars——"

"Or only twenty million!" interrupted John.

"Or only half a million!" added the Captain dryly. "Well, lads, we need not speculate on that point. If the treasure is there it is worth hunting for. I'm with you!"

Robert and John broke into delighted cries and shook their friend by the hand warmly. Captain Job's long experience and known skill as a mariner seemed to take away half of the uncertainty of their venture.

"Is your cousin, Abner Caswell, going along, too?" asked the Captain, presently.

"Abner?" exclaimed John. "Not much! That fellow and we are not so chummy that you can see it without a microscope. In plain words, he and we have quarreled for all the years of our lives, and we are still at it. He is a mean scamp!"

"Bet your main-topsail sail!" agreed Job. "I know him."

"When Uncle Ebenezer died," said Robert, thoughtfully, "he left three nephews——"

"Robert Inchwood, John Inchwood, and Abner Caswell," interrupted the Captain.

"Exactly! We three, and each of us is cousin to the other. Well, we are equal heirs to Uncle Ebenezer's money, but this treasure matter goes back so many scores of years that it does not figure. It is the property of him who gets it."

"Certain! No heirship about this. But does Abner know of the old manuscript?"

"No—at least, we hope not. He has been active since our uncle died, and has been nosing around the house a good bit, but we believe that if he had found the paper we never should have seen it."

"Fact, lads! Well, as I understand it, you fit out the vessel, but I pick the crew?"

"Also, the vessel, and we want your advice about fitting out and all else. We are only amateur sailors, and we might not only choose things poorly, but select a vessel that would founder going around the Horn."

"I'll see what can be done this very day, for the sooner we are off the better. There is a dull spell in the merchant trade just now, and some vessels are idle in their docks. I can take my pick of several. Then we will be off for that island—wonder what its name is?"

"To us it shall be simply the Island of Gold."

"Nothing better. Lads, I'll be hustling!"

He picked up his hat, and all left the house. That evening he reported to them.

"I've got our vessel!" he announced. "The choice narrowed down to two, a ship called the Fair Lady, and a brig known as the Cleopatra. Both are staunch, and they look like birds for speed. Either would do mighty well, but the Fair Lady I set down as the quicker on her keel, an' she just fills my eye. Her canvas is almost new, too, which is sayin' a heap. Come an' see her tomorrow."

"We will do it, though we take your word, Captain Job."

"Of course you know hiring a big ship will cost you a pretty penny."

"John and I will risk that. We have funds of our own, and now that Uncle Ebenezer's estate is settled, we know just what we can afford. We are past twenty-one, so nobody can object."

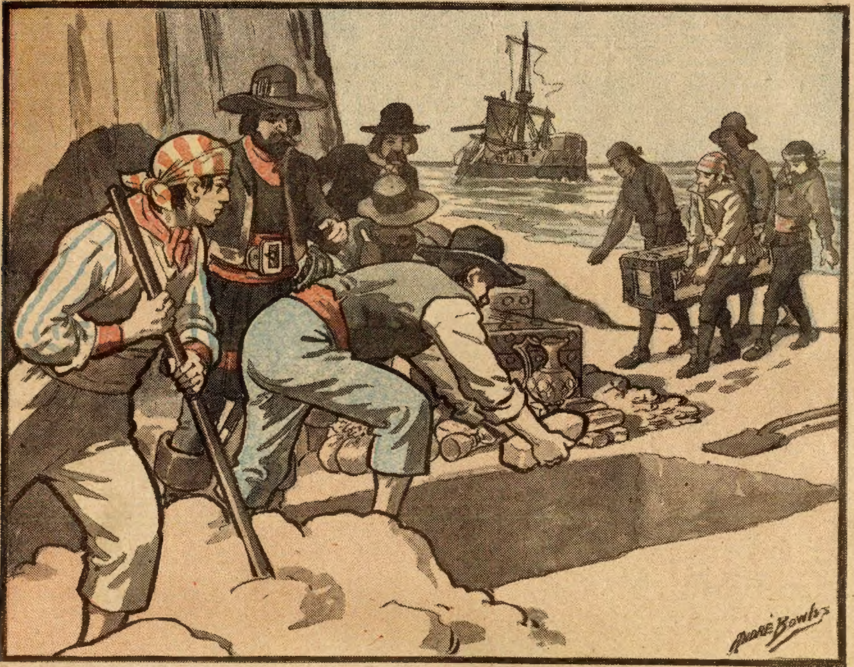
"So be it, my lucky fellows! Well, tomorrow you shall see the Fair Lady, and then to ballast and fit her out."

The plan was carried forward with zeal, and in due time all was ready for departure. With ship, crew, provisions, and ballast in hand, as well as with certain goods stowed away that were intended for the Pacific Ocean Islanders, whose help might be useful, the Fair Lady left the harbor one morning at daybreak. She was off on the long voyage, and Captain Wood had the deck with Robert and John by his side.

"If we don't come home multimillionaires," said John, "we will, at least, have a jolly time!"

He might have been less sure of that had he known that, after they gave up all thought of the brig Cleopatra, she had quietly been made ready for sea for another charterer, and that this charterer was Abner Caswell. Even less would he have been sure had he overheard the talk, the previous evening, between Abner and Captain Nash Shrogg of the Cleopatra.

"We will skin the Island of Gold of its last dollar!" Abner had said, in conclusion. "The Cleopatra shall come home laden with the yellow stuff, and if the Fair Lady party sees us before then, we shall not be recognized by them. It was a cunning trick to paint the brig and name her over again. Who would recognize the Cleopatra in the White Wing? As for the Fair Lady, she will not figure long. Our man, whom we smuggled on board as one of Job Wood's crew, has his orders, and the orders are to scuttle the Fair Lady at his leisure. That ship goes to the bottom of the ocean, and I don't care if Robert and John go, too!"



"We digged a deep pit and buried the gold."

CHAPTER III.

THE NIGHT DANGER.

Days and weeks passed by uneventfully. The Fair Lady had cut the Southern waters with her bows until the coast of South America was reached, and then had continued her flight until Cape Horn was made. At that point head winds were encountered, with rain, snow, hail, and sleet, and often it seemed as if the gallant ship would founder, but Captain Wood was ever at his post, keen, watchful and crafty, and his skill took her around the dangerous land with no loss more serious than a few trifling spars, while not a plate or beam seemed to be started.

Then came the waters of the Pacific Ocean, with moderate weather and a brave wind astern, so she fled on, with the breeze whispering soft songs in her rigging and the sails bellying buoyantly. And still she proved the skipper's judg-

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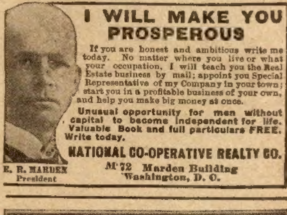
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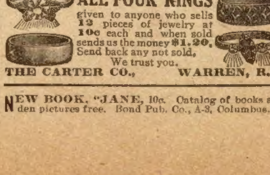
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"One day our groceryman left a package of Grape-Nuts food by mistake, so I tried some for dinner. I was surprised to find that it satisfied my appetite and gave me no distress whatever. The next meal I ate of it again, and to be brief, I have lived for the past year almost exclusively on Grape-Nuts. It has proved to be a most healthful and appetizing food, perfectly adapted to the requirments of my system.

"Grape-Nuts is not only easily degested and assimilated, but I find that since I have been using it I am able to eat anything else my appetite fancies, without trouble from indigestion. The stomach trouble and nervousness have left me, I have regained my plumpness and my views of life are no longer despondent and gloomy.

"Other members of my family, especially my husband, (whose old enemy, the 'heart-burn,' has been vanquished) have also derived great benefit from the use of Grape-Nuts food and we think no morning meal complete without it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

* * *

Wise Little Willie.

Little Willie was playing one day with the girl next door, when the latter exclaimed:

"Don't you hear your mother calling you?" That's three times she's done it. Aren't you going in?"

"Not yet," responded Willie.

"Won't she whip you?"

"Naw!" exclaimed Willie in disgust. "She ain't goin' to whip nobody. She's got company. So when I go in she'll just say: 'The poor little man has been so deaf since he's had the measles.'"

* * *

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Quarter-Back (protesting to the referee)—Did you see that?

Referee—What?

Quarter-Back—That big center jumped on me when I was down.

Referee—How do you know he did?

Quarter-Back—I saw him.

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* * *

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On May 4th, Railway Mail Clerk Examinations will be held everywhere. About 2,000 appointments, commencing at $800 will be made. Interested readers should write to Franklin Institute, Dept. T-79, Rochester, N.Y., for schedule of places and sample questions.

* * *

Not at All Difficult.

"Isn't it rather difficult to raise roses at this season of the year?" queried the customer.

"On the contrary, it's dead easy," replied the florist. "Only this morning I raised them from $2.50 to $3 a dozen."

* * *

J. P.

Those suffering from weakness and lack of vigor should take JUVEN PILLS. One box will tell a story of marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1. Made by its originators, C. I. HOOD CO., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, LOWELL, MASS. (Z)

* * *

An Aid to the Pedestrian.

"Madam, I'm walking around the world on a wager."

"Well, I don't mind letting my bulldog pace you for a couple of miles. Here, Tige."

ment good, as, from the first, she had shown herself as fleet as she was weatherly. Ballasted with excellent nicety, she rode high, but never proved "cranky" and yet missed so much of being "stiff" that she was feather-like on her keel.

Now they were on the spot, and the search was begun.

The indefinite latitude and longitude given in the old manuscript left them with much to guess at, and as nothing was found where twenty-one degrees forty-four minutes south, met one hundred and thirty-eight degrees twenty-two minutes west, it became a game of searching somewhere near the point of intersection, with the probability that the Island of Gold, unless far from its supposed location, was between Pitcairn and Whitsunday Islands—a wide stretch of water. To be more exact, it should be approximately west of Hood Island, but all hands felt that this was no game with exactness to figure on.

Three days they had sailed back and forth through the network of islands, and it was afternoon of the fourth day when the Captain and his two employers sat in the cabin poring over the chart. That chart had been a much-consulted thing since leaving New York, and it still held its fascination.

"I wonder," said John, "if they had any decent charts in old Bradyll Inchwood's day."

"I doubt," replied Robert, "if the Pacific was charted at all then."

"'Twas about as much known as we know the moon now," the skipper replied. "I think you said you tried the New York libraries and found nothing to help?"

"So we did. Especially we looked for Lotaotto, but the town was not to be found—nor anything else."

"Naturally! Well, lads we will get right down to business now. Three days we have hunted, and no island with a gray half-moon under a green quarter-moon have we seen, but now we will s'arch keener. Either we have not seen the Island of Gold, or it has changed since then."

"By an earthquake?"

"As I told you at the start, that's what I fear."

"Yes, and you said it might be a mile under water, but, my doubting old sea-sharp, we won't admit it. We're going to find that island, and find it above the brine. Understand?"

"Pooh, pooh!"

"Wait and see!"

"Just so! Wait—good advice—and see—if we can!"

They were joking now, and Captain Job slapped John on the back as he threw this discouraging remark. They left the cabin, ascended the companionway, and gained the deck. It was the first dog-watch, and Asa Pond, the chief mate, was in charge. He was pacing slowly, while the sailors were all on deck, but there was less of yarning around the windlass and less of lounging on the forecastle than was usual at that hour.

Only three men in the ship knew why they were in the Pacific, but all hands knew that the first step was to find an island that had been duly described to them and now, besides the lookouts aloft, it was a phlegmatic Jack Tar who did not often send a glance to the seaboard with that island in mind.

The newcomers had barely cleared the companionway when a call sounded from the crow's-nest.

"Ahoy, the deck!"

"Hallo?" Pond replied.

"Something afoot over yonder, sir," continued the lookout. "Two big native canoes, and a fight between them."

"Where away?"

"On our weather bow, sir. Regular battle on a small scale. They are flingin' spears and other things at each other in dead earnest."

"I guess," said Pond, looking at the skipper, "that a fight among natives don't interest us."

"Not visibly," Wood agreed.

"It interests me!" declared Robert, quickly. "I'm going to see it. Eh, John?"

"Ditto!" his cousin responded, eagerly. They ran to the weather shrouds, and were soon footing it up the ratlines with the facility acquired on their long voyage. They gained the side of the lookout, who pointed due north.

"There the beauties are!" he exclaimed.

"Call that a fight?" retorted John. "Well, if it is David and Goliath over again, so it is. Otherwise, it's a massacre. Too much size in one party."

"The smaller force stands up to the work bravely," said Robert.

"Useless, old fellow! Too few men. If they are one-half as ferocious as they seem to be, it's all up with the few."

"The big party make quite a show. They are ornamented with all the gay colors in the list. Why, I almost believe they would dress like civilized folks if they had fine clothing enough."

"Mighty little clothes they have on, but it's all gay as far as it goes."

"White traders brought them those things, I suppose."

"More likely," added the lookout, "they stole them from something they plundered. You know, sir, some of the natives hereabouts are as peaceable as kittens, while others are horrors on horseback. What interests me is the canoe of the big party. It is all red except a yellow stripe just under the gunwale, and then there is some fancy work nigh the bows that looks like an arrow in a tub of soap-suds."

"We needn't feel interested in that, either. Why shouldn't a Pacific Ocean Islander have his coat-of-arms as well as a British Islander? Aha! the fight ends, or pretty near it. The bigger party boards. Jupiter! but I'd like to blow those scoundrels to pieces."

"A bad gang!" muttered Robert. "No quarter is given. The red canoers are a tough lot!"

"I'd like the job of yard-armin' the whole caboodle!" growled the lookout. "Every man wiped out of the small force!"

"No! One man leaps from the little craft and swims away. See! They fling spears at him. Ah! it's all over!"

This seemed to be true. The swimmer had disappeared, and none of the watchers in the crow's-nest was sanguine enough to suggest that he might have escaped the spears and was pursuing his way beneath the surface. If he had been able to do this, there was a small island before and another behind him, and escape was possible.

"Bloodthirsty work!" commented John, "but let's not think about it. We are not interested."

"Strikes me," said the lookout, "that we get a taste o' what sort o' islanders inhabit some o' these groups. Maybe we are interested, after all."

The victors in the fight seemed content. Returning to their own gay canoe, they brought with them the end of the lesser craft's painter, and with it in tow started away, their paddles flashing in the sun's rays and their gaudy bodies swaying with remarkable grace as they wielded the blades.

Their course was away from the Fair Lady, so Robert left them alone and directed his gaze to the seaboard. The treasure-hunters were now sailing where small islands were thick and far-reaching, but as the chart indicated water sufficient for their draught, he did not fear going aground, and all his thoughts centered upon the Island of Gold.

Where was it? None of the bits of land near at hand bore the features essential to their quest, and he finally turned away.

"The sails are not over-filled," remarked John.

"Wind is fallin' us, sir," answered the lookout. "I'm lookin' for a mere capful, later."

The cousins descended to the deck and found Captain Wood and Mr. Pond talking on the same subject. The heretofore wind had fallen off during the last hour, and the way of the ship was reduced to a low pitch. Both officers expected worse, but as they had no harbor to make they were little concerned.

John told of the fight beyond the island, and the mate nodded sharply.

"I've seen the like in these waters before," he remarked. "You've noticed the world over how big sea-fish eat little ones. Well, that's the way here; peaceful natives get bad jolts from warlike ones."

Both Robert and John had taken the affar rather seriously, but the unconcern of the veteran seagoers checked their comments. After all, why need they feel interest in the affairs of the islanders?

All through the next hour the wind fell away until, finally, the Fair Lady failed to make steerage way, and the anchor was let go in thirty fathoms of water. By that time the second dog-watch was on and night drew near. The Fair Lady rode in a network of islands, with land scarce two cable-lengths away on either beam, and a third four times as far off the bows, while other dots of tropical scenery were near in the adjacent seaboard.

Another hour rolled by without change, the dead calm still holding and the few sails on the yards hanging slack, but the ruling passion was strong—the few who were in the secret thought most of the Island of Gold, but they could not connect the flat bits of land under view with the elevation they wished to find.

"We shall strike it, sooner or later," said John, confidently. "We have only to keep on beating back and forth—Robert, you don't hear a word I'm saying!"

"Look yonder!" exclaimed his cousin.

John looked. Then he grew excited.

"A canoe, by Jupiter!"

"And no man-filled one either! It's a girl, old fellow!"

"Where the deuce did she come from?"

"Don't know. I happened to be looking at the farther end of the island, and she just paddled around its end as matter of fact as if we were not here. As for that, do you see she is heading right this way?"

"She will sheer off soon. Say, she's a dream! More gay colors, but rather becoming this time. Really, I didn't know they had natives so picturesque as that!"

"I don't see her sheer off."

"No-o, but——"

John did not finish. Nearly every man in the ship was now watching the little canoe, or, more properly, its inmate. She sat erect and graceful, handling her paddle with the same ease before noted in the war-party, and was moving toward the ship almost as easily as a swan in its native element. Her gaze

(Continued on page twenty-seven.)

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The Blood-Stained Glove

A STORY OF THE SECRET SERVICE

By Granville Osborne

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Begun in No. 4, Jan. 27. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER VII.

THE days that followed were to Kate like a dream. She did not dare to go out much, until it was dusk, lest some curious eye should pierce the secret of her identity, or notice a strong likeness between her and the portrait of a beautiful woman, described as "missing," which had appeared in many papers.

Mary White had been requested to bring in with her an evening paper when she returned from carrying her work to the factory. This she did, but, unfortunately, her choice fell upon a paper which catered especially to the local neighborhood, and devoted far more attention to sporting news than to the important affairs of the day. She did not like to ask for any of the leading daily papers, knowing that they would have to be ordered purposely for her, since there was no delivery in the humble street in which the Whites lived.

This little piece of economy cost Kate rather dear in the end, for she did not see a certain advertisement which appeared for several consecutive days imploring her to communicate with her family since they had important news which it would be to her advantage to learn. A short paragraph in one of the papers, which fell into her hands, did mention, on a day when Kate had been in hiding for a week, that the police had obtained an important clew to the Hohenberg murder mystery, and that an arrest was hourly expected; but she merely imagined that the words referred to herself.

A few days later she thought she could detect in the very meager details of politics given in the paper, some signs of political unrest, a certain tension for which there was no adequate explanation. Questions were asked in Congress respecting the movements of troops and the destination of a few battleships; the inquirers were answered evasively, and suddenly ceased. Any one who knew much about the internal working of the Government might have gathered that some hint had been given to the seekers for information which had made them silent.

Then came another incident which aroused transient curiosity. A foreigner was discovered in one of the dockyards, at a forbidden time, armed with a camera and some of the photographs in his case attracted the curiosity of the authorities. The stranger was taken before a magistrate and charged with trespass. The world in general expected to learn a full account of his proceedings and of the value of the information he had secured; but every one was disapponited; the man was remanded for further inquiries.

The loneliness of her position began to weigh upon Kate. She did not go out at all during the day, and her utmost efforts could not make the little duties of her tiny housekeeping spin themselves out for more than about an hour. In desperation she went down to the Whites' room and asked to be allowed to help them with their sewing. They remonstrated, but Kate had her way, and sat for many hours in their little room, sharing their toil and cheering them with her presence.

Nearly three weeks had crawled by. There came a day on which Mary White returned home in the afternoon full of apologies. She had not brought the paper. She was so sorry and would run back for it. This Kate would not allow, saying that she would go for one herself later.

"But I will go and get it when we have had our tea," said Mary to her mother. "There is something in it, I fancy, for they were shouting out some words I couldn't catch, and I saw one man pay a quarter for his paper and never wait for his change!"

"Made-up news!" said her mother, with the acquired wisdom of years. "They print too many papers nowadays for the true stuff to go round. But I expect it is the advertisement that Miss Hohenberg is after, poor young thing. She is likely to be looking out for work in this neighborhood."

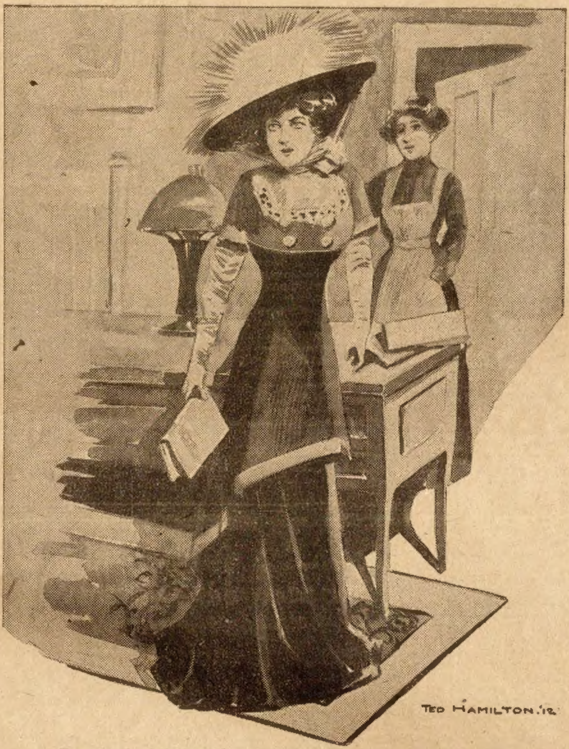
The lodger had retreated to her own room to get some tea, knowing that the Whites were also going to have a meal. She was tired of sewing and wanted to go out. She would go when it was dusk. She felt in an extravagant mood, and longed for flowers. They, at least, could be obtained even in that poor neighborhood, and she would fill her own room and the Whites with fragrant blossoms.

"If you please, miss, she said, "this is a lady from the Home Workers' Aid Association, which has been so good to mother and me, giving us our holiday every summer. I told her there was a lady here working temporary at the sewing, and she said she would like to see you and to ask you if you would care to join. It only costs a little, and it's like Heaven down at the beach in the summer."

"It is very kind of the lady," said Kate. "Perhaps she will sit down and have a little talk with me?"

Mary White, completely reassured, departed, and Madge Wilmington took the chair Kate indicated to her. They looked at each other in silence for a time, then Kate said: "You recognize me, of course?"

"Yes. Please, believe me, I had no idea of spying on you, or on any one else. I had visions of some poor governess out of work, and I thought I might be of use."


TED HAMILTON.'12.

To restrain the cry "Mrs. Hohenberg" which rose to her lips.

She awoke from a day-dream of the past to become conscious that a light step was mounting the stairs which led to her room.

That was not Mary White's firm tread. Her heart began to beat faster. Was she discovered? Had she been imprudent, and had any one recognized her? A gentle knock, sounded on her door; she did not answer it, but retreated noiselessly to her bedroom. The knock was repeated. She held her breath. Then Mary White's step could also be heard, and her cheerful voice said: "Perhaps the lady is lying down, miss. I'll just tiptoe to her bedroom and see." Kate was in despair. There was no other exit from her bedroom. The intruder was now in command of the whole of her little fortress. She opened her door and came into the sittingroom before Mary White had crossed the floor. There beside her desk stood a lady dressed in well-cut, cool gray, and in the lady's hand was Kate's vellum-bound "Shelley"—which she had brought with her—containing her own bookplate.

The visitor and Kate had met only once before in the course of their lives, but they recognized each other at once.

Madge Wilmington—for it was she—had the sense to restrain the cry of "Mrs. Hohenberg!" which rose to her lips; there was no doubt that she was quite as much astonished as the other actress in the drama.

The silence was broken by Mary White.

"Instead of that you have found some one whom you believe to be a criminal."

"Mrs. Hohenberg, what can you mean?"

"You must know that I was suspected of having murdered my husband!"

"I should have been furious with any one who had even hinted such a thing to me."

"Why?"

"I had seen you," said Madge, briefly.

"And so believed me innocent? Are you not rather hasty in your generous judgment?"

Madge sprang impulsively from her chair, and crossing, laid her hand on Kate's arm.

"Mrs. Hohenberg, when I saw you first in your own house, I though you the loveliest woman I had ever met. But I saw more than that—I saw that you were not happy, and I got an impression, it may be a presentiment, that there was grave trouble close to you, and that I might able to be of use to you. Half of my presentiment has come true, for you have passed through grave trouble. Please let the other half come true also, for I do want to be of use to you."

Kate's beautiful face was lit up by the sunshine of a rare smile. She took the girl's hand and said:

"You have been of use already. I was simply hungering to see some face from my old life. Remember, you are the first woman of my own class to whom I have spoken for three weeks. I won't say the first lady, for the Whites' goodness and

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Just as Catarrh is contracted by breathing cold or dust and germ-laden air, just so this balmy antiseptic smoking remedy goes to all the affected parts of the air passages of the head, nose, throat and lungs. It can readily be seen why the ordinary treatments, such as sprays, ointments, salves, liquid or tablet medicines fail—they do not and can not reach all the affected parts.

If you have catarrh of the nose, throat or lungs, choking, stopped-up feeling, colds, catarrhal headaches; if you are given to hawking and spitting, this simple yet scientific treatment should cure you.

An illustrated book which goes thoroughly into the whole question of the cause, cure and prevention of catarrh will, upon request, be sent you by Dr. J. W. Blosser, 27 Walton street, Atlanta, Ga.

He will, also, mail you five days' free treatment. You will at once see that it is a wonderful remedy, and as it only costs one dollar for the regular treatment, it is within the reach of everyone. It is not necessary to send any money—simply send your name and address and the booklet and free trial package will be mailed you immediately.

* * *

Alternating the Crops.

Farmer Slow—Do you alternate your crops?

Farmer Timothy—Yep. Have 'em killed by one thing one year, and another the next.—Puck.

* * *

FRECKLES

It Is Easy to Remove Them.

For years I tried every known remedy without success. Skin specialists and doctors said I would take them to the grave. I fooled them all. I cured myself by a simple discovery. I will send you the prescription free if you will write for it. It took off my freckles and the freckles of thousands of others. It will remove yours. It will clear the worst complexion. Write today. Address **Mrs. E. C. White, P. O. Box 17, Dept. 1, Buffalo, N. Y.**

* * *

An Improvement.

Husband—How do you like your new girl?

Wife—Well, she works me a little harder than the last one, but she is more respectful.

* * *

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?

Catarrh Specialist Sproule made an offer of Free Catarrh Treatment in a recent issue of Boyce's Weeklies to all who asked for it. Since then he has received many, many grateful letters.

One man says, "Your medicine worked like magic on me." Another writes, "I am entirely rid of the nasty Catarrh that bothered me for twenty-five years." And so the letters come, one and all telling of the benefits received. So impressed has Specialist Sproule been, by the gratitude of Boyce's Weeklies readers, that he has decided to make his offer again. On page 9 of this issue you will find it. Read it all and then send for the Free Treatment.

courage put them in a class all by themselves. Tell me one thing. Will it be against your conscience to leave me here undisturbed and to keep my secret?"

"Against my conscience? Not a bit. But dead against my common sense. Please tell me why are you here?"

"Because I thought I should prefer this place to a prison cell."

"But there can never have been a question of that. There was no warrant out against you."

Are you sure? Remember, I put myself under serious suspicion by refusing to account clearly for my movements on the night of the dance."

"Can you tell me why you did that?"

"I can trust you with all the facts that concern myself alone; but I must not bring any other name into the matter, or all I have gone through will have been in vain. I could have cleared myself at once if I had not had an object in keeping silence. I have given my solemn word of honor that no one should learn the secret of that night through me. I was bound to give my word, bound by my allegiance to the highest and holiest cause on earth. But I like you, and I tell you, as I would have told my own mother, had she lived, that on that night I did nothing of which I am ashamed."

"I know that," said Madge. "But do you read the papers?"

"I get a local paper quite often, but today Mary White happened to forget it. Is there any important news?"

"Do not think I am trying to surprise your secret. I have an idea that there is news in all the papers today which will let you speak out without risk to any one. Last night there was great excitement at the War Office. All night long special trains, laden with troops, were being dispatched to the coast. Earlier in the day, ships had left New York and other ports, with sealed orders, for some unknown destination. In the gray of the dawn, watchers on the coast defense saw a mass of deeper gray loom suddenly out of the mist—a number of ocean-going transports anchored about a mile out and a cloud of hundreds of rowing boats and steam launches put off from there and made for the most available landings.

"Those who rowed or directed the boats did not seem at all afraid of any opposition, but it could be seen that each boat was full of armed men in uniform. It was a time at which the men in the forts might possibly have slackened off their night watch, too light for search-flares to be of any real use, too gray to enable them to see very clearly what was coming upon them. The men in charge of the boats seemed to have no doubt whatever about the channels, no fear of hidden shoals; they kept on at full speed, and had almost reached the shore when the guns from the forts spoke, and a hail of missiles was rained upon them by troops who had lined the shore, whose presence the enemy had not suspected. Worse still from the invaders' point of view their charts must have been untrustworthy, after all, for boat after boat ran ashore on sand-banks, and lay there, so many helpless targets, exposed to a tremendous fire. Not half the boats which had started for the shore were able to regain the sides of the transports, not one succeeded in landing its passengers on American soil, and when they were once more in the shelter of the liners and were slowly transferring their loads of dead and wounded to the ships, smoke was seen on the horizon, and the men on the shore cheered madly."

"The fleet!" exclaimed Kate, trembling with excitement.

"Yes, the fleet. On they came, those great grey giants, the avengers of the insult to the United States. The battleships in charge of the foreign transports did their best to draw all the fire and to let the liners escape; but a swarm of destroyers gathered round them, battleships and transports alike went down before the deadly torpedo, or crashed under weight of shell. Few of the foreign battleships escaped, being sunk or captured. We lost heavily also, but it was a glorious victory. The bells are ringing from all the churches, the people are thronging the streets in shouting multitudes, and here you sit alone, not knowing your country is triumphant!"

Kate was crying now, tears of relief and joy, but not unmixed with apprehension.

"Yes, the United States was saved," said Madge. "No secret had been revealed which could have warned the enemy and made him alter his plans for a daring raid. America owes her thanks to some secret keepers, and is likely to pay them, too. Mrs. Hohenberg, I want you to give me your permission to go at once and call upon Mr. Brian Enderby."

"Brian Enderby?" repeated Kate. "Why do you want my permission to call on him? Is he a friend of yours?"

Madge blushed slightly, and without answering directly, drew off her left-hand glove. Kate's eyes followed her movements and on the fourth finger of that hand she saw a diamond solitaire.

"Why," she said, then added, "I am so glad, so very glad! Dear old Brian! He's a splendid man and you are——"

"A lucky woman," finished Madge. "I owe him to you, after all, you see, for I met him at your house. It is not much more than three weeks ago, for Mr. Brian Enderby is one of the men who know exactly what they want and go straight to the point. I have spoken of you to him, and he would do anything in the world to help you. Can I go and tell him about you?"

"Yes. I do not know why you should not tell him, under pledge of secrecy, where I am. But please impress upon him that I am going to take no risks in this matter. I think that my silence may possibly be broken soon, if your news is correct; but I shall not speak one word until I have some one's permission to do so."

"I will tell him. I shall go at once, and then come back to you and tell you what he says."

"If you do come again," said Kate, wistfully, will you bring me a paper? I want to see the lists——"

Madge nodded.

"Yes. You shall have that, I promise you. Meanwhile courage!"

CHAPTER VIII.

Madge was fortunate enough to find an empty taxicab near by, and in it hurried off downtown. Brian Enderby was still in his office.

"Brian, please don't be shocked at my call. I had to come because delay may mean danger. You will give me your pledge of secrecy, won't you? There is something I must tell you."

"I will keep your secret," said Enderby.

"Brian, I have found out where Mrs. Hohenberg has been hiding these last few weeks."

"Then you are the smartest detective in Washington. My dear Madge, what is the matter with her? Is she crazy? No sane person would ever have believed that she was in any way connected with that crime, if it had not been for her own behavior. She has only got herself to blame."

"Or to praise," said Madge. "I have an idea that Kate has been simply heroic!"

"And I have an idea that she has been silly. Why did she run away in such an absurd way?"

"Because she was afraid of what she might be made to say on cross-examination."

"Good heavens! What has she got to conceal?"

"Men never can put two and two together," said Madge, reflectively. "They can do all sorts of sums in millions and reckon the most minute fractions, but single addition is beyond them. Now, I will set you a sum. One—Hohenberg, who was a spy, found dead. Two—Frank Dalrymple, engaged in our secret service, missing. Three—a sudden raid is made on our coast by an enemy, the said enemy being quite unprepared for opposition, and acting on what are now proved to have been misleading charts of the defenses. Four—Mrs. Hohenberg disappears and hides herself. Add these up, please, and see what they make."

"Madge, you witch! Do you mean that she somehow got to know that the raid was planned, and kept out of the way until it was over, so as not to risk giving away the nation's secrets? Why, if so, she is really a heroine! But where does Frank come in?"

"That is what I do not know yet. All I can say is that I think you have added up the sum correctly for once. Mrs. Hohenberg does not know where Captain Dalrymple is, for she is in a fever of excitement to see the lists of killed and wounded."

"She won't find his name there; but it is in the dispatches and on every one's lips. He led the torpedo-boat destroyers in their attack on the invaders, and accounted for at least three of their ships. He was evidently acting on a carefully arranged plan. He is safe for further promotion."

At this moment Enderby's clerk tapped at the door and brought in a telegram. Brian tore open the enevlope and exclaimed:

"It is from the man himself! He has managed to get it sent off. 'Safe. Please find Mrs. Hohenberg at all costs; put on detectives and advertise. Tell her to speak out fully. All reasons for secrecy removed. Report progress and spare no expense. DALRYMPLE.' "

"Madge, you are really a witch! If it had not been for you I should now be tearing out my hair and wondering how on earth I was to set about the job. Stop one minute! There is, or at least there was, a warrant out against Mrs. Hohenberg on account of her replies at the inquest. Perhaps I had better drop in and see Waite; he is a solicitor and a good sort. He must advise me. Will you come with me?"

Brian and Madge called on Mr. Waite, who listened with interest to their story.

"Most extraordinary thing I ever heard!" was his comment. "And now, Miss Wilmington, may we hear where your friend really is?"

Madge told the story of Kate's retreat, Enderby and Waite being more astounded than ever.

"Why, the woman is heroic, my dear sir; positively heroic! Took refuge in humble quarters, did she? Well, I don't wonder they failed to find her. But this wants a little arrangement. I am inclined to get all the sympathy I can for the lady. You know there is a warrant out. Of course, she can easily clear herself now, but I think it would put the whole affair on a better footing if she were to give herself up. You see, we still do not know who killed Hohenberg.

(Continued on page twenty-three.)

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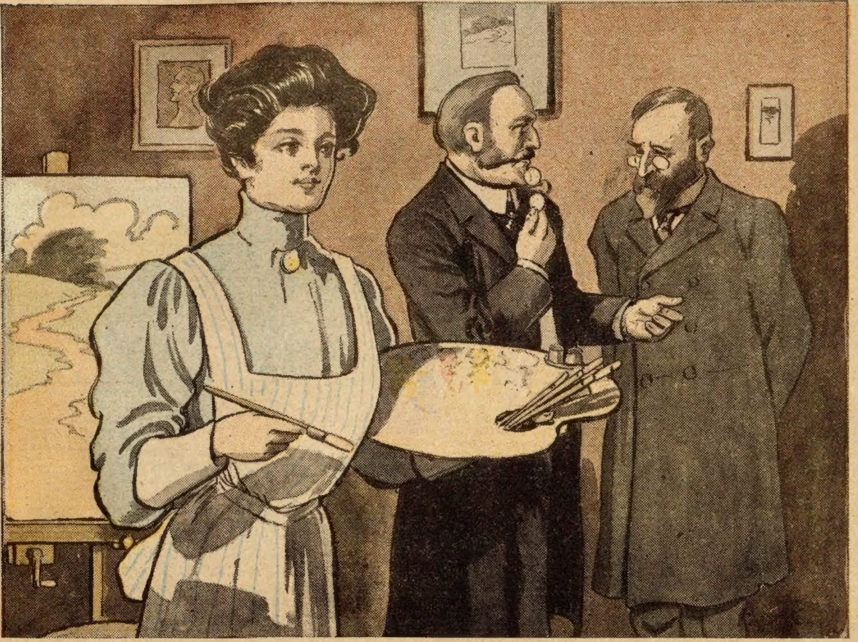

"Mr. Wolverton is a most accomplished artist."

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CHAPTER V.

"THE individuality of each man is that peculiar influence with which he is entrusted for the good of society."

Mr. Wolverton felt vaguely disappointed when he found the box was full of thin letter paper, folded, on some of which was drawn what appeared to be a plan, with minute directions written here and there upon it for the guidance of one unfamiliar with the place. On another slip was a note, and below all a slender gold ring with initials and the words; "I to thee," engraved inside. The letter ran thus:

"You do not know me, Mr. Wolverton, and I would not recognize you if I saw you; therefore I send you one of my rings which will identify you if you should ever succeed in doing what I wish. Lest you may wonder how one who long since vanished from the busy world should know so much of what is passing, let me remind you that certain people, no matter how they may be secluded, are always well informed of exterior happenings. Whether this is a provision of nature or a mere matter of temperament, I cannot pretend to say; but outside affairs often drift over stone walls—through them, even—and sooner or later reach the one most interested. Call this fate, or what you will, you must admit that it is true. I, for example, know that you are haunted and distressed by the constantly recurring apparition of a sinister face. I even know what the face is like, though I am not concerned in its production or effect, unless, indeed, I may make use of the latter for my own purposes. You can, if you will, serve me, though this will involve much sacrifice and some misunderstanding. I cannot, for reasons which will appear, appeal to Mr. Emery, and you are my only hope. For minute directions you will consult the plan and the writing affixed. I must also ask you to return the little box which I value as a family relic, but have used because I had no other.

"CARYL EMERY."

He hurriedly searched for the address. As his eyes fell upon it, he turned suddenly livid, and leaning back, sick and faint, for an instant lost consciousness.

But only for an instant. Very soon he opened his eyes, started up, and looked at the clock. It was only four; he had time for a little rest, after that a bath would refresh him, and he would still get an early start. "For I must see Dr. Bolton at once," he muttered; "this cannot go on."

He slept until eight, rang for a cup of coffee, and ordered his horse. By nine he was at the doctor's door.

Dr. Bolton took life easy and breakfasted late; he had no respect whatever for ancient adages concerning early hours. That was all well enough in primitive ages, when Adam went to rest at sun down, probably because he had no candle, or during the Middle Ages, when the curfew at nine of the clock rang all lights out, but modern usage demands the evening for social functions, and how is it possible to dance half the night (if you are young) or to play chess or talk politics (if you are elderly) until all hours, and then be ready to rise with the tiresome lark and dig frantically for chimerical worms?

"Go to," chuckled the doctor. "Nature requires a certain amount of sleep, and the fanatics who persist in getting up too soon are always drowsy and good for nothing in the afternoon."

And most people were fain to admit this fact.

The doctor, being a bachelor, gave his own orders and looked pretty keenly after his household affairs. Everything was well ordered, and Mr. Wolverton smiled faintly as he noted the pleasant surroundings, the flowering plants in the windows, the snowy damask, glittering urn and delicate viands; for Romaine's management was erratic—now exact, now slipshod, and too uncertain to be quite comfortable.

The doctor dropped his newspaper with an exclamation of pleasure and pressed his guest to draw up a chair.

"Fortunately my cook understands that meals are always to be prepared on a double scale in case of casual guests," he said. "Anna Maria—that is her name—says I never think there is enough unless there is twice as much left over. Fall to, man, here's your coffee; here are eggs, rissole, cornbread, toast, watercress—dear knows what beside. Anna Marie has taken me at my word. I won't ask what brings you over so early until I have seen you eat enough to dispel your pallor. One might fancy you had been sitting up all night."

"As I was," admitted Mr. Wolverton, "but I am hungry, starved, after my ride, and I will gladly test Maria Ann's——"

"Anna Maria," corrected Dr. Bolton.

"Anna Maria's culinary skill before vexing you with a very troublesome and perplexing piece of business."

The physician shot a quick, uneasy glance at his guest; but merely said he would be at his service, and was solicitous for his immediate comfort.

When the meal was over, the doctor led the way into his private study. Here again Mr. Wolverton was struck by the exquisite air of freshness and comfort pervading all. The chairs were models of ease, the neatly arranged books, and paper-strewn desks gave evidences of constant use, and the window-boxes were filled with fragrant flowers, bright as they were sweet. The whole apartment had an inviting aspect; the leather-covered furniture was worn in places, and some of the cushions were faded, but these tokens of occupancy only gave a more home-like air.

A small table with smoking paraphernalia stood temptingly between two easy chairs before a broad window, and the two men falling naturally upon cigars and lighters, after the manner of their sex, settled themselves to talk.

"Now for it!" said the doctor. "Relieve your mind, old fellow, and tell me what is amiss."

"I suppose," said Mr. Wolverton slowly, "that you have noticed that I have never fully recovered from that fever I had last spring, and that I have a tendency to morbid fancies and delusions. I am not now," he added hurriedly, "referring to the profile affair, which is a stern reality."

The doctor shrugged his shoulders dubiously, but looked attentive.

"Setting that aside," pursued Mr. Wolverton, "in other ways, now, I suppose I might be benefited by special treatment?" He looked anxiously at the doctor, who for a moment was too amazed to reply.

"My dear fellow," he said at last, "your case is certainly an unusual one. Am I to infer that you propose to place yourself in—ah—sanitarium?"

"A private sanitarium, yes; a place where brain diseases are treated. I have even selected the one I prefer, and am relying on your aid to secure my admission, as I believe it is an exclusive institution and it requires some influence to get in."

"You surprise me so greatly," said the doctor, "that I scarcely know what to say. I am not at all sure that you stand in any need of special treatment. You want tonics, bracing up; possibly a change of scene might effect all that is necessary to restore your normal tone. And then, there's Romaine. What would you do with her?"

"I think Miss Emery would invite her for a few weeks, to oblige me. She would not be much in the way."

Still Dr. Bolton looked unconcerned.

"See here, Mr. Wolverton," he said, "I am no enemy to hospitals and asylums; but when a nervous disease can be treated as well at home I always advise it, principally because a certain stigma attaches itself to one who has been an inmate of a sanitarium. He is ever after looked upon with suspicion, a sort of expectation that he may break out, or do

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something extravagant—now you know it is so."

Mr. Wolverton laughed.

Dr. Bolton gave him a keen, searching look and then exclaimed: "You are concealing something from me. Out with it, man! What's your motive? Are you painting a new picture, some 'Witches Sabbath,' and hunting for types? Or are you studying up lunacy for a magazine article, and wish to note its phases from life?"

"Neither one. But examine these papers and advise me afterward."

Dr. Bolton drew the package toward him with an indifferent air and turned it over carelessly. He unfolded the top sheet with a half amused smile, which quickly vanished as he began to read. He did not speak until he had read everything, studied the place and examined the ring. He even sat in silent thought for a long time after, and Mr. Wolverton did not interrupt his meditation.

"One thing," said the doctor, at last, "I would like you to assure me that you did not concoct this whole thing as a hoax."

Mr. Wolverton flushed indignantly.

"I don't want to offend you," said the doctor, quickly; "but if I am to give an opinion I must have an answer."

"Then I assure you solemnly, Dr. Bolton, that the box was put into my hands last night by a veiled woman, to whose identity I should have no clew, beyond the fact that she lives at Mr. Emery's, if I had not chanced to pick up a pendant which I have seen Miss Emery wear. Why she should veil herself from me, and behave in this fantastic, theatrical way, I confess I cannot explain."

"You needn't try to," said his friend; "Miss Christine could never carry out any maneuver of that sort. It must have been her companion, Miss Lynn, an agreeable person, but baffling—something odd about her."

"You think so?" Mr. Wolverton looked relieved. "But the pendant?" he added. "How do you account for that?"

"It must have caught on some feminine furbelow and have been wrenched off by accident. I know Miss Emery too well to believe for one instant that she would be anything but straightforward."

"Thank you," said the other, so warmly that the doctor smiled at the tone of proprietorship, though he forebore to comment on it, as he toyed absently with the papers before him.

Mr. Wolverton smoked on in silence. His eyes were fixed on the flowers in the window; he noted their color, arrangement and the interlacing arabesques formed as they swayed softly under the summer wind. A bit of blue lobelia and a spray of reseda apparently absorbed his full attention, but he was intensely conscious that his friend was reflecting profoundly on the question he had laid before him.

At last Dr. Bolton spoke.

"You have asked my opinion, Mr. Wolverton, and while I am by no means certain that I am advising you wisely, my views after examining these papers—concur with yours. I think—well—in fact—as you yourself suggested that a short sojourn in some well-conducted retreat might be advisable. As for your further plans and motives, it might be as well for me not to inquire too closely——"

"Quite so," interrupted the patient. "With all that you need have nothing to do. You say I am not well——"

"Anybody can see that," agreed the doctor.

"That the unstrung state of my nerves may affect my brain?"

"You put it very clearly."

"Well, then, I will go. I am afraid you will have to arrange preliminaries. There really seems nothing else for me to do."

As the affair is so mysterious, doubtless we have no choice. I will attend to the matter at once."

"Thanks. Let me have a scrap of paper—a prescription slip will do; that's it."

Mr. Wolverton wrote a few lines which he pushed toward his friend. The doctor read them, raised his eyebrows and returned the paper which was at once torn to shreds.

"That will be my plan."

"It deserves success."

The two men then parted.

Mr. Wolverton went home to make preparations for a long journey. Dr. Bolton consulted a time table, looked at his watch, gave a few orders, and hurried off to the railway station.

CHAPTER VI.

"I must stay here in prison dear.
Oh, weary day, wear on!"

A few hours later, as Dr. Bolton was crossing a crowded thoroughfare in the city, he saw, as he supposed, Miss Lynn, a few steps ahead of him. He was hastening to join her for a word of greeting, when a vehicle blocked his way and he lost sight of her.

He took a car and thought no more of the matter. After a long ride he got out on the outskirts and walked rapidly toward a picturesque building surrounded by a high wall and dense shrubbery.

There was a grated gate and a bell, just outside of the porter's lodge. He rang, and after answering a number of questions was allowed to pass his card through the grating and await the porter's return.

That functionary vanished and soon reappeared with one of the resident physicians, who introduced himself as Dr. Grey.

"You must pardon the excessive caution of our welcome," he added, as the janitor unlocked the gate and admitted the visitor. "The very nature of this hospital demands most vigilant care. If we should freely admit all visitors who desire to enter we should never maintain order."

"Perfectly. I understand. I wish, if agreeable to you, to visit your establishment and to make arrangements for the admission of a patient of mine who thinks he needs special treatment."

"Our patients usually scout the idea of such need. The case you mention must be an unusual one."

"To say the truth, it is," admitted Dr. Bolton, "and while I do not think special treatment at all essential, I must grant that Mr. Wolverton is very eccentric. He had a fever last spring, and has perhaps not fully recovered. His coming here was his own suggestion, not mine."

"Well, I should imagine from what you say that there is not much the matter. A touch of hypochondria, which a few weeks in retreat may relieve. Yes, we can make room for him. But our rates are considered high."

"That is not material," said Dr. Bolton. "He can afford to pay. When may he come?"

"When he pleases. We happen to have a vacancy."

While they talked they had been walking slowly through an avenue of trees which were nearly bare. The walks were neatly swept, but here and there a bright patch of fallen leaves lay glowing in the autumn sun, and a few beds of gorgeous chrysanthemums lent a cheerful aspect to the grounds.

Inside the house wore the inevitable "institution" look. There was a spacious hall, spotlessly clean, with somber doors on either side, and a stairway padded and carpeted until not a footfall could be heard.

The whole of the right side on the first floor, as Dr. Grey explained, was given up to parlors and recreation halls. There was a musicroom, a chessroom, a readingroom, a ballroom—every device that could suggest a pleasant passing of time. There was even a small theater where performances were sometimes given by the convalescent patients.

Everything was provided for the comfort and happiness of the inmates. They were deprived of but one thing—alas! the one thing most essential to human weal—liberty.

The grounds were free to all, when and where they chose, but the walls were high, the gates securely guarded.

Dr. Bolton was pleased with what he saw, but he was a cautious man, and although he really believed Mr. Wolverton might be the better for a sojourn in such a place, he did not wish the term of treatment to be too indefinite.

"I suppose," he said, tentatively, "that I shall be free to withdraw my patient when I see fit?"

Dr. Grey's brows contracted.

"Well, no," he replied; "that is just a point I was coming to. When we receive a patient, it is always with the distinct understanding that he (or she) will remain until absolutely cured. So long as any adverse symptom lingers, the cure is incomplete."

"But in the case of a man naturally fantastic, as so many artists, perfectly sane, are known to be? Now, Mr. Wolverton has no dangerous symptoms. I am not even convinced that he suffers from delusions, since two or three persons of undoubted sanity have seen the outline which haunts and annoys him. He is very nervous, and I have always thought him peculiar, but an exceptionally unhappy life might easily account for that."

"It may not be necessary to detain him long; but some of our worst cases are seemingly sane. There is a young lady here who imagines herself the wife of a well-known lawyer, whose bride disappeared on her wedding day. She is constantly imploring us to send for him or for Mrs. Deming, whom she claims as her mother."

"And why do you not do so?" queried Dr. Bolton, gravely.

"My dear sir! If we humored the whims of all our patients we should spend our days in running, hither and thither on fool's errands. The girl's mother brought her here. Her name is Caroline Brown, but she insists upon being called Caryl. The mother, Mrs. Brown, a very handsome and intelligent person, explained her daughter's idiosyncrasy. Such cases are very common. Outside of her idee fixe—this hallucination—she is all right; in fact she is unusually bright."

"It seems to me," said Dr. Bolton, "that it might be safe to make inquiries. There are so many opportunities for fraud, and that disappearance of Mrs. Emery was a most extraordinary occurrence, a mystery that has never been solved. Might not this be the solution?"

Dr. Grey smiled in a superior way, but did not deign to reply.

Dr. Bolton began to understand how difficult it would be to force those walls, and to comprehend the strange cry for help which was inducing Mr. Wolverton to risk his own liberty. He felt uneasy and uncomfortable. He heartily wished himself out of the affair.

A moment after, in passing through one of the parlors, his companion drew his attention to a delicate-looking young lady who was reading by a window.

"That is the girl I spoke of," said Dr. Grey. "Very pretty, as you see. But the case is hopeless. She will never rid herself of the delusion, and so is destined to spend her life within these walls. But pray excuse me a moment," he added, hurriedly. "I see one of the nurses signaling to me. The young lady, Miss Caryl, we all call her, is quite harmless—sane on all points but one."

"I may speak to her?"

"Certainly, certainly. I will be with you again in a moment."

Dr. Bolton seized his opportunity eagerly.

"Mrs. Emery!" he said, in a low tone. She started violently, her cheeks flushed, and she looked up breathlessly.

"Be cautious. Show no emotion," he went on quickly. "We have only a few moments. Mr. Wolverton got your note. He is coming and will contrive your escape. But I must know one thing: Why did you not appeal to your husband?"

"Because of threats from the person who placed me here. She said harm would come to him if I tried to communicate directly with anyone of his family. So much harm has come to me, that I am fain to believe in threats," she said, bitterly. "But tell me," she went on, "tell me about my husband. Is he well? Does he miss me—love me still?"

"He is well. He is devoted to your memory, and was unceasing in his efforts to find you until he received word that you were dead."

"Ah! She told him that?"

"Then it was a woman. Tell me her name, quick.

"She calls herself Mrs. Brown. She was formerly Mr. Wolevrton's wife. I don't know how I found it out, but I did, and also that she bears a deadly hatred to Mr. Emery for the part he took in the separation. She pretends to dabble in the black art, and has contrived some means of tormenting her husband. She lured me away—I cannot tell how—and I found myself here. I suppose," she added timidly, "it would not do any good if you were to tell Dr. Grey that I am really Caryl Emery and not Caroline Brown?"

"It would not do a particle of good, my child. He would not believe me, but would simply insist that my inexperience in this class of malady had caused me to credit your story. The best thing, according to my opinion," he went on, "would be to notify your husband, who alone has any right to control your movements."

"I am afraid," she answered.

"Of what?" asked the doctor.

"The—that woman—said that if I appealed to my husband she would exercise all her occult power to prevent our ever meeting again."

"Stuff—nonsense—occult fiddlesticks!" said Dr. Bolton, impatiently; then he paused, for Dr. Grey was hurrying up to them.

"A thousand pardons, my dear Dr. Bolton! I did not expect to be so long. Miss Caryl has been showing you her painting here on this easel? Very pretty, indeed."

"Admirable!" agreed Dr. Bolton. "But still—if—ah—Miss Caryl will allow the remark—not quite perfect. Mr. Wolverton, the gentleman I have spoken of, is a most accomplished artist, professional, of course. If it is not against the rules of your house, he could give this young lady exactly the instruction she needs."

"Oh! I should like to have some lessons," exclaimed Caryl, catching the idea instantly. "May I, do you think, Dr. Grey?"

"We shall see, we shall see. You, I know, are to be trusted, we must test our new patient before we can give a decided answer. He may be very—very nervous, you know."

"I should fancy the occupation, so familiar and congenial, would be rather quieting than exciting to his nerves," said Dr. Bolton, suppressing a smile.

"Perhaps—perhaps," said the other loftily.

Dr. Bolton spoke a few commonplace words to the lovely patient, and then was drawn away by the resident. His errand was accomplished; there was nothing more to do. He took leave.

As he was passing through the great gate, he met the same lady he had seen before, who bore such a startling, such an exact, likeness to Miss Emery's companion.

He stopped short.

"Miss Lynn?"

"She also stopped and looked at him with surprise but no recognition.

"Well, sir," she said, "that is my name."

"You do not seem to remember me, yet we dined together very recently."

"Oh!—ah—you are evidently one of the patients here, though I do not recall your face. You have leave to go out for a walk? I wish you a pleasant time," and she walked rapidly away.

"Takes you for a loomatic," said the porter, grinning. "She's one of the nurses here."

Dr. Bolton asked a few questions, which the man either could not or would not answer, then he hurried out. The usual depression which pervades a sanitarium influenced his mood, and he felt a nervous irritation over these unending enigmas. He knew he did not imagine the resemblance to Miss Lynn, for her face had the peculiar combination of blue eyes with black hair, a type rare as it is beautiful.

His next duty was to call on Caryl's mother, whom he thought should be in-

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formed without delay that her daughter was alive and well.

The mansion looked dreary. All the blinds were down, and the inside was as gloomy. The handsomely furnished rooms were fresh and neat, but the graceful touch of arrangement was missing. They had an unusually sad, funereal aspect. The closed piano, the covered harp, the empty easel by the window, all spoke of one gone but unforgotten.

Dr. Bolton sent up his card and waited a few minutes. Then a slow step sounded on the stairs, and presently Mrs. Deming entered.

She looked very delicate, and her manner was that of a person whose nerves have been shattered by a great shock. There was a fluttering anxiety, a restlessness, an unceasing vigilance as of one who is on a strain of expectation of hope or dread. Her face was still sweet, though its youth had departed forever. The gray hair was plainly parted above the white brow and the black dress was without ornament or relief. Evidently she was mourning for her daughter as for one dead, while yet she was racked by an undying hope.

She advanced with a look of eager expectation.

The doctor hastened to reassure her.

"Yes, yes," he said, quickly, before she could formulate a question. "I have news for you—partly good. Can you bear it? Your daughter is alive and well!"

"Now, Heaven be praised!" exclaimed Mrs. Deming, faintly and she sank half-conscious on a couch.

"Calm yourself, my dear lady; time presses. We have much to consider, and I have others to consult.

She recovered herself by an effort.

"Tell me," she gasped, "tell me all!"

"Through the malevolence of a woman, who thought she had not been fairly treated by Alan Emery in a lawsuit, your daughter was wiled away on her wedding day and driven to a private sanitarium, where it was represented to the physician in charge that she was suffering from the delusion that she had just been married to Mr. Emery. The usual preliminaries appeared to have been fulfilled—the papers must have been forged—the patient was admitted and has been detained ever since.

"Now, it might seem a very simple affair to take the matter into court and use the strong arm of the law to force the doors of the asylum; but the physicians there firmly believe Mrs. Emery to be demented, and they would contest the matter. It would rake up that old scandal regarding Mr. Wolverton's unhappy marriage. His daughter is just now growing into womanhood—an innocent, lovely girl. It would be very detrimental to her prospects socially, besides causing pain to Wolverton, and indirectly to the Emerys. I would like to avoid that if possible."

"Certainly, oh, certainly!" murmured Mrs. Deming, who was following every word with intense attention.

Mrs. Emery, your daughter," continued Dr. Bolton, "contrived to convey a letter to Mr. Wolverton whom she knew to be her husband's bosom friend. She has been threatened and rendered so timid that she dared not appeal directly to her husband. Mr. Wolverton has hit on the idea of entering the sanitarium as a patient, and he hopes to contrive a quiet escape. Now, my part of the affair is the only thing that troubles me. I shall have to consult a lawyer to find out just how we are to keep within our rights. Unless Wolverton goes in there to effect a rescue, I see nothing for it but an appeal to the court."

"Oh! let us avoid all publicity," said Mrs. Deming, quickly. "We have all suffered so much; surely we at may at least be permitted to manage our own affairs quietly. You said my dear daughter looks well?"

"Yes, she is less changed than any of you. She looks perfectly healthy, has a good color, I should say her health is excellent. I only wish you looked a little stronger yourself, Mrs. Deming. You must try to brace up and grow hearty, so as to be ready to welcome your daughter when she is free."

"But—am I not to see her before!" she asked with a faltering voice.

"I am afraid you would not be admitted. You must remember I saw her only by chance. Mrs. Wolverton, or Mrs. Brown, as she is now—she married after her divorce—has represented herself to be Mrs. Emery's mother, and seems to have acted her part to perfection, for the residents appear to believe in her simplicity, and all agree that Mrs. Emery is hopelessly insane. It just shows what expert wisdom is worth.'

He rose to go, declining the refreshments Mrs. Deming offered, and made his way to the office of a lawyer he knew, with whom he had a lenghty interview.

Mr. Triggs, the lawyer, disapproved totally of Mr. Wolverton's romantic plan. He advised legal measures without any circumlocution or contrivances.

"In no way," he insisted, "can you avoid publicity. "If the lady's escape is managed there will be a hue and cry after her and a nine day's sensation. Some may even imagine that it was an elopement. Whereas, if you proceed according to law, the matter will awaken very little interst, may even pass unnoticed."

"There are complications," objected the doctor, "which, as they are other people's affairs, I cannot discuss. I am afraid there will be no stopping Wolverton. He is bent on a dramatic rescue, partly because—I may as well tell you—he wishes to appear well in the eyes of Mr. Emery's sister, to whom he is attached."

"Does she care for him?"

The doctor sighed. "I think she does," he answered, sadly.

"Then why don't they marry?"

"Religious scruples. Mr. Wolverton's former wife still lives."

"Oh, yes, I see! And so that's his idea? There will be no stopping him, I fear."

"I fear not," said the doctor, thoughtfully.

CHAPTER VII.

"Life has dark secrets; and the hearts
are few
That treasure not some sorrow from the
world."

Romaine was busy over her preparations for the coming festival when Dr. Bolton called the next morning. Mounted on a stepladder she was arranging draperies.

With her arms upraised, the sleeves falling back showed the dimpled elbows and ivory-like whiteness of her beautiful skin. She was dressed in a soft, clinging material of lavender, with purple ribbons floating about her, and she looked fresh and sweet as the morning.

She started and flushed rosy red when the physician entered, but he never perceived it. His settled bachelor life and his hopeless attachment to Christine Emery had rendered him so indifferent to other women that he never guessed how well this little girl loved him until—but that will be related in its own time.

"Where's your father, Romaine?" he asked cheerily.

"In the studio, I believe."

"I want to see him. Shall I go and knock, or will you tell him I am here?"

"Just as you like. I think you are very unkind to let him go away from me."

"It may do him good, dear child. The systematic life of a sanitarium often does wonders in restoring nervous patients to health. Everything goes like machinery—clockwork. No room for idiosyncrasies or fantastics, you know."

"Papa isn't fantastic."

"Not at all, not at all," agreed the doctor, with praiseworthy gravity. "Certainly not. Far from it. Still——"

"If you think he is fantastic about that detestable face we see everywhere, why look behind you!"

The doctor jumped nervously, and the girl laughed

"You are cast-iron yourself, as to nerves," she said.

Dr. Bolton did not answer. He was gazing intently at a white outline which was carelessly scrawled over a large mirror. Then he stared about him. He looked up at the ceiling, he peered through the window, and examined the room minutely.

"Why do you hunt about so?" asked Romaine, curiously. "What do you expect to find?"

"I am trying to discover something to account for that reflection"

"It is not a reflection," replied Romaine. Examine the thing itself. You will see that it is drawn on the mirror with some soft substance, probably a bit of white soap, which will mark on glass."

"You do not seem surprised," he remarked.

"Why should I be? It is an everyday matter now to see that hideous profile everywhere. At first it frightened me; but one can get used to anything."

"Romaine," said the doctor, gravely, almost sternly, "I want you to answer me truthfully. Did you or did you not draw that yourself?"

"I most certainly did not!" she cried, indignantly. "I do not understand how you can suggest such a thing."

"Well, you need not be so offended, my child. Now, tell me this: Do you think your father could have done it?"

"Oh, never in this world! It is the torment of his life. No; I am certain that he knows as little about it as you or I. It is a clever piece of trickery. I am glad you have seen it for yourself, for I think you were inclined to believe we imagined it."

"I was," he admitted, "and I am still but half convinced. We should not go on wondering stupidly. If you cannot stir without seeing this face, and are annoyed, you should employ a private detective to hunt up the cause of it."

Romaine shrugged her pretty shoulders.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked.

"Why—one wouldn't like to have a stranger delving into one's private affairs. I think papa is very sensitive about—about all that, you know," she said vaguely.

The doctor understood at once that Mr. Wolverton attributed this persecution to his former wife. But Romaine never mentioned her mother, rarely alluded to her in the remotest way, so Dr. Bolton let the subject drop.

But although he remained a few minutes longer to chat with her about the garden party, he was thoughtful and absent minded.

"You are thinking about something else," said Romaine, at last. "You had better go and get it off your mind. After that, if you wanted to be very nice, you might stay and have lunch with us."

"I should like nothing better, but I shall not have time today. I was absent yesterday, you know, and so have double

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work to do today. I must see your father. Good-by."

"Good-by."

Dr. Bolton found Mr. Wolverton in his studio painting.

It was a superb room, in every way adapted to its purpose. A great north window let in the clear, steady light; dark purple hangings with a few old tapestries lined the walls. In the latter the greens and yellows were toned by age into mellow beauty. A few stiff Gothic chairs were set apart for ornament, while plenty of easy chairs and lounges invited repose.

Seated before an easel Mr. Wolverton was painting a curious, desolate landscape. It represented a barren moor; the atmospheric effect was so fine that it was easy to guess that the season was late in the autumn. A low sky betokened a tempest; off in the west a hand of light emphasized the general gloom.

Dr. Bolton contemplated the picture, then said: "Very good; but too dreary What does it represent?"

"My life," said the other, sadly.

"Oh, come! Wolverton, you are morbid You foster melancholy. Why not occupy yourself with something bright and cheerful? Romaine's portrait, for example, or a picture of Miss Christine?"

"I am not a portrait painter, my dear doctor, and Romaine is too fidgety to pose. Miss Christine I should not dare to ask."

"I believe she would sit for you," said the doctor, smiling, while the pain that was always hovering about his heart at the thought of Christine went through him with a pang. "I am sure you could make a pleasing portrait of her."

"Perhaps—I don't know. Writers sometimes say they cannot utilize personal experiences through excess of feeling, and I am of the opinion that it takes a large element of indifference in a painter to produce a good portrait. There are defects in every face. Sometimes intimate friends do not perceive them; sometimes, to them, these defects constitute the whole charm of a countenance. Now, in a portrait they should be neither passed over nor emphasized—merely indicated, and that requires detachment or, as I said, indifference, on the part of the artist."

"You may be right," said the doctor; "but I did not come this morning to discuss art. I want to let you know the result of my journey."

"Ah! of course. I had forgotten it for the moment. Well?"

Dr. Bolton went rapidly over his story, and at the end of it [illegible] to bring his friend around to the [illegible] view that the best method would [illegible] to employ the usual medium of the [illegible].

Mr. Wolverton scouted the idea.

"You cannot appreciate my point of view," he said, impatiently. "Everything would be raked up about my wife. Romaine would be annoyed—disgraced. Others would be pained. The place cannot be absolutely a stronghold; there must be some means of getting away. Are the patients never allowed to go on parole? The 'convalescents,' I mean?"

"I doubt it. The rules are very stringent, and Mrs. Emery's case is regarded as hopeless. They would never allow her to set foot outside the walls, believing as they do that her marriage and true personality are delusions."

Mr. Wolverton worked on in silence for awhile, as though pondering.

"They will allow you to see me, I suppose?" he said at last.

"Why—I should presume so. I don't know what the visiting rules are, but I cannot suppose they would refuse admission to a physician calling to see a former patient. But I must tell you candidly, that I cannot aid you farther in this scheme without acting unprofessionally. Some one else—" he hesitated.

Mr. Wolverton looked up quickly.

"Ah!" he said, quietly.

"I see. Well, I will contrive some method by myself, or will hunt up some ally untrammeled by professional ethics."

The continuation of this highly interesting story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. Read it. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year.

* * *

Torn by a Bear.

"The brazen impudence of the Maine bear," said a man from Maine, the New York Sun remarks, "is what makes him a terror to the backwoods farmers of that State and was what led to the putting of a price on his head some years ago. It also led to the invention of various devices for destroying him.

"The favorite device was the trap gun. In nine cases out of ten when this gun went off it settled the bear. I have known instances, though, in which the trap gun fell a little short of doing its work thoroughly and led to unpleasant consequences for the farmer who set it. As I recall it now, a little the worst torn up man I ever saw or heard of was a farmer named Harvey, who made a triflin miscalculation once on a Maine bear that had touched off a trap gun.

"The bear had busied himself for some time in playing havoc with Harvey's farm products, both of growing crops and live stock, and so Harvey lost patience with the marauder and rigged up a trap gun to put an end to his career. An experienced woodsman, one William Johnson, directed the arrangement of the trap gun, and fortunately for Farmer Harvey accompanied that citizen when he started out to visit the gun the next morning.

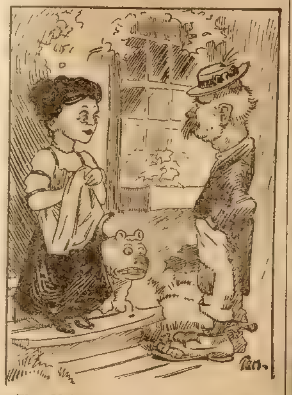
"Ordinarily the Maine bear gets into trouble with the trap gun during his night's outing. In the case of the Harvey bear the bear had put off his visit to the baited trap gun until morning, and it was just as Harvey and Johnson were drawing near the spot where the gun was set that he took hold of the bait and fired the gun

"Hearing the report the two men hastened forward and saw the bear, a very big one, writhing on the ground, bellowing like a bull. He was badly wounded, but not so badly but that when he saw the men approaching he could get quickly to his feet and make a rush for them.

"Johnson was alert enough to get out of the way, but the bear caught the less experienced Farmer Harvey and felled him to the ground with a blow from one paw that knocked him senseless. Then the bear clawed and chewed and ripped Harvey to such an extent that when Johnson succeeded in at last killing Bruin with a club he took the farmer on his back and carried him home for dead.

"Harvey's face was torn out of all recognition. The flesh on his arms from his shoulders down was stripped off to the bone in many places and his chest was frightfully lacerated. He wasn't dead, though, as the doctor found when he got there and looked him over. When I came away from that region, where I had been hunting about that time, there was a question whether the farmer would recover from his wounds, and I never heard whether he did or not. But the bear weighed over 400 pounds."

* * *



The Hobo—Ah, lady, at one time I was a prosperous dentist.

The Lady—How can I believe you, my poor man?

The Hobo—How can you doubt me, mum? Why, even de dog shows his teeth when I am around.

* * *

Against Female Suffrage.

Wallace Eddinger does not believe that the hand that rocks the cradle should rule the world—at least not politically. "Moreover," he says, "it won't get a chance. Any man who voted for woman's suffrage would be ashamed of himself for the rest of his natural life. Why, a certain politician was caught in a thunderstorm in the Adirondacks last summer and he crawled into the hollow of a decayed log for shelter.

"The log got soaked and commenced to swell and suddenly the man realized that he couldn't get out and that it wouldn't be long before he would be squeezed to death. The harder he struggled the tighter grew his trap, He thought of all the bad things he had ever done and of all the mean things, and the log squeezed him harder and harder. He yelled at the top of his lungs and no one heard him. All of a sudden it flashed into his mind that he had voted for the woman's suffrage bill, and he felt so small that he crawled out of the log without any difficulty."

* * *

A Saint.

How our simple valentine customs ever came to be connected with so sober and revered a person as St. Valentine has ever been a mystery. There are many theories as to how this came about, but the most probable one is that the custom descends from the ancient Romans and can be traced to their festivals of the 'Lupercalia," which came on the 14th of February. At this celebration names of young women were drawn by young men.

The fathers of the church put their veto on these personal drawings, and in place of the young women's names substituted the names of the saints, each person thus choosing a patron saint for the coming year. This change (by chance) was made one St. Valentine's day, the anniversary of the martyrdom of Valentine, an old-time saint.

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A CLEW BY WIRE;

Or, The Spur of Necessity

By ARCHIBALD J. PAXTON

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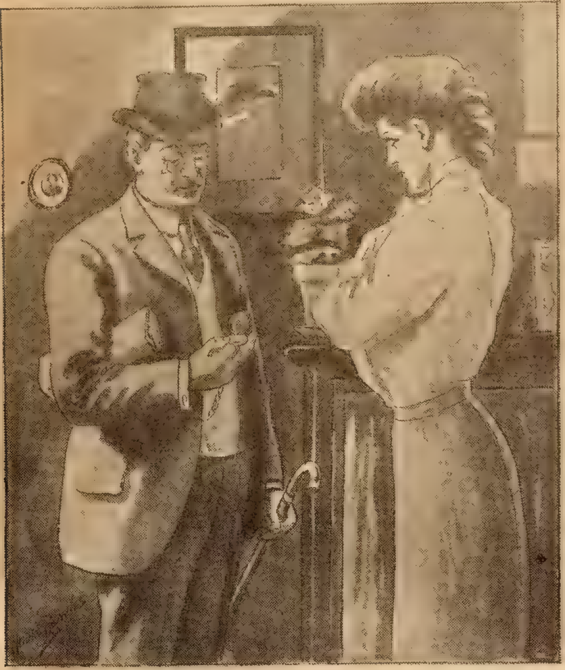
CHAPTER XIII.

FIGURING IT OUT.

WHATEVER he may have thought, the investigator of crime made no audible comment when thos innocent words of Alma brought something up before his mind's eye.

"So the gentleman who called himself Tranter lisped a little when he talked, did he? Too bad that he should be afflicted with a double visitation, and that his speech as well as his locomotion should be halt. By the way, was he as tall as I am, do you remember, Alma?"



"Tell him all."

She answered more speedily now, for she realized that the Doctor was not laughing at her simplicity.

"I should say shorter, sir. But then, he was bending over a little, perhaps with the pain."

"Just so, bending over, eh? Well, a sprained ankle is a very painful thing, and would make anybody bend, Tranter! And he said he would call for the package, or send a messenger, did he?"

"Yes, sir; but I was not to let it go out of my hands unless that name was mentioned. He had me repeat it to him before he went away."

"H'm! Well, that may give me an idea sooner or later. But, my dear girl, I think that it must have been your good angel that tugged at your heartstrings tonight, dragging you away from that house every time you made up your mind to enter a second time."

"You puzzle me, sir, very much. What can you mean?"

"When you finally came away, and determined to give over the idea of seeing Mr. Doncaster again before morning, although you did not suspect it, that was the wisest thing you ever did in all your short life!"

"Now you are beginning to say things that alarm me. Why should it have been, sir? What would have happened to me if I had asked to see my father again?"

"That is something I am unable to say. For one thing you might have met that man coming out, with the loot he had taken from the Doncaster safe!"

"Oh! what is that you are saying—was that house robbed, and by the very man who asked me to keep the package for him? What a terrible thing! And you—you believed I had done that?"

"Excuse me, I did not believe it. I heard first all about your peculiar relationship to Doncaster. Then I began to learn of the fact that you had been there to see him early in the evening. I also found out that the spur of a great necessity was urging you to try to raise a certain large sum of money, in order to pay for an operation that might mean life to the mother you loved. All these things made me want to get closer to you, and ascertain whether you could have gone back a second time."

Her little hands were tightly clenched, as she sat there and looked at him intently.

"Then you must think the story I told you about that man who limped was only arranged to hide something?"

"Perhaps, but not got up by you. I am satisfied that you had nothing to do with the affair, save just what you have told me so willingly. For my confidence I have numerous reasons, which I do not mean to divulge just at present. But when I spoke of the safe being robbed in that same library where you talked with Mr. Doncaster, I did not tell you all the reasons why I was gratified you had not gone back again."

"You said there was a robbery; and that the proceeds were wrapped up in that newspaper I carried home?"

"Listen and try to be calm. Mr. Doncaster, who had retired for the night, must have heard some sound that excited his curiosity, for he came downstairs again later, to find the thief at work."

"Oh, Heavens!" she whispered, as her face paled again, with the anticipation of what was to come.

"There must have been some little struggle. He pulled off the black muslin mask the thief wore, and recognized the scoundrel. A certain word he said when trying to call me over the 'phone later proves this. And when the desperate rascal realized that his identity was known, and that he must be exposed unless he silenced the owner of the safe, he seized upon a hammer that by chance lay on the table near by—"

"Oh!"

"And struck him on the head. Then he rifled the safe, tied up his booty in a paper, and believing the other to be already dead, he left the house. Once on the street his nerve must have failed him. Perhaps he saw shadows hovering near. And that caused him to give you the package. If he were caught, no incriminating evidence would be found on his person!"

"But Mr. Doncaster—my father, what of him?"

"He came to a little later, found himself locked in the library, staggered to the 'phone, remembering me, for I have played cards at his house often, and just managed to ask me to come to him, saying he was horribly wounded, when he fell to the floor."

"Dead?" she gasped, in horror; not that any love prompted the feeling, but simply that a dreadful consternation possessed her.

"So I found him when I reached his side shortly after, accompanied by an officer I met on the way. Now you understand why your possession of the plunder taken from that safe staggered me at first. You story is so very remarkable that many would be inclined to believe you must have been dreaming; or had invented it to conceal the hideous truth. But I know better."

"You do believe me then, sir?" she cried, almost in tears.

"Most assuredly, particularly because something you said has opened my eyes. No hand like this soft little one of yours ever wielded that brutal hammer when the fatal blow was struck. Nor could I for a moment imagine that you would have the nerve to open a window, and creep into you own father's house to steal the money, great though your neecssity may have been."

"Oh! God alone knows how very great!"

She bent over to hide her tears, and Van Alstine, now that he had gone this far, concluded that there would be no harm done if he spoke further.

What Garrabrant had told him about the will would be common property in a very few days now, when the lawyer, after the funeral, believed the time had come to read the last disposition made of

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....Catarrh
....Constipation
....Piles
....Diarrhoea
....Torpid Liver
....Indigestion
....Stomach Trouble
....Kidney Trouble
....Bladder Trouble
....Weak Lungs
....Chronic Cough
....Malaria
....Asthma
....Hay Fever
....Heart Trouble
....Poor Circulation
....Impure Blood
....Anemia
....Pimples
....Eczema
....Neuralgia
....Headache
....Dizziness
....Nervousness
....Obesity
....Female Weakness
....Womb Trouble
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MRS. W. T. DETHLOPE.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 12th day of April, 1897.

HENRY KARIS,
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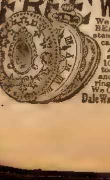

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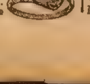

the vast estate of the murdered man.

"And now that I have harrowed up your poor soul with a recital of these horrors, let me bring peace by telling you something along a happier vein. Mr. Garrabrant, who was your father's lawyer, informs me that he holds a document executed recently, in which you are left sole heiress to all the property, providing that should you be found you are in a position to prove absolutely your identity as the child his recreant wife took away with her at the time of her flight!"

The ghastly look began to leave her face.

"Then if that is done I would be able to pay Professor Verchow the five hundred dollars he asks for an operation?"

"For a thousand of them, if you liked."

Once more a sigh welled up from the depths of her heart.

"If that is so, then I shall forgive my father everything. Whether he meant it or not, it will be his money that gives me back my own mother. Is it wrong, Doctor, for me to feel that I am glad?"

"Certainly not, in this case, for you are not thinking of the dead, but the living. Now, I intend to lay a trap for this rogue, hoping to trip him up when he comes to reclaim that packet."

"But he will know from my shrinking from him that I suspect the truth?"

"Perhaps he may not come himself. I rather suspect he will not dare do so, but will send another. Doubtless, although you didn't know it, he may have shadowed you all the way home, and may have seen that you entered here. On the other hand, he may have thought it expedient to show himself in his accustomed haunts so as to try to create a successful alibi in case of future trouble."

"But what do you want me to do, Doctor?"

"After I am gone, tell your mother everything. Also beg to try to play a part in case any one should come, asking for the packet, and mentioning the name of Tranter as a password."

"I am so glad you will let me tell her; for I should never be able to hold back the good news that she can now call in the only man able to save her life."

"I shall remove the contents of the packet, substituting something else calculated to deceive the man should he call. That must be the bait with which the rat-trap shall be made ready. If he nibbles he is gone!"

"But you told me that you were a doctor?"

"And now you begin to suspect I may be something more. Ask Frank when you see him. He will tell you that for years the men of the fire department knew me as their best friend. Scores of brave fellows have I attended after they had been dragged from out a fiery furnace. But in time I concluded to retire from active practice and devote my time to the study of why criminals are such, the motives that make them war upon society, and the grave problem of their reclamation. That being my particular hobby, you can understand just why I immediately interested myself in this remarkably mysterious crime, with its fascinating side issues. It led me to you through devious channels. I heard of your visit to Mr. Doncaster through the housekeeper; Garrabrant put me wise to the story of your mother; and then, remembering that Frank had spoken your name—not a common one so far as the 'Alma' goes—and that you had left an address on the table in the library, hoping your father would relent and communicate with you—all these various things have combined to bring me to this point."

"But you believe me to be innocent, do you not?"

"I said so before. If I did not, do you think I would be foolish enough to tell you all these things, and even arrange with you to trap the cunning fox, who for once has been led beyond his depth? No, you are now my willing ally, and between us we will presently clear up this most engaging mystery."

CHAPTER XIV.

ON THE HOME STRETCH.

Having virtually finished his business here, Van Alstine was about ready to depart. He had no reason to complain. While as yet it could hardly be said that the case was complete, he had made a strong bid for eventual success.

Not only had he proved to his complete satisfaction the innocence of Alma, but through her he had obtained a valuable clew. The rest could bide his pleasure.

First, he had in mind the possible annoyances that might be in store for the young girl.

"You may have visitors at some time during the day—reporters from the daily papers, who are as keen to get on the track of a sensation as any detective," he remarked, as he prepared to leave the rooms on the third floor of the old tenement.

"But they will want to know all about it. How shall I answer, so as to keep my secret until Mr. Garrabrant chooses to read the will that announces my identity?" she asked, with a puzzled look.

"All they will want to know is in connection with your visit there in the evening; for they cannot possibly learn anything about your coming a second time."

"But if I tell them just why I went——"

"Ah! but you must not. It is none of their business, and they cannot force you. Simply say that you had an appointment with Mr. Doncaster. After you left he was seen about the house for some hours, so that suspicion can never point toward you."

"You said there will be detectives put on the case?"

"Undoubtedly, but you have less to fear from them than the bright young newspaper men, who are accustomed to scenting a sensation and a 'beat' for their paper in every event. If one of them could only discover that you were the real daughter of the dead man, a page would be given to the matter, with pictures added."

Alma shivered.

"Oh! I hope to be spared that," she said, dolefully.

But the detective knew only too well that sooner or later it must come; for curiosity would be aroused concerning the reading of the rich man's will; and the mention of Alma's name would stir up a hurricane of investigation.

"Be sure to warn your mother also not to say one word that will arouse the suspicion of any one. Perhaps they will respect her serious condition, and leave you in peace."

"But you said the coroner would surely send me word that my testimony will be required at the inquest?"

"That is true, for you were the last outsider to see Mr. Doncaster, and he will wish to know all about the nature of your business."

"Then it must come out! Oh, dear! I do not understand how I am to carry myself."

"Listen and I will explain. I shall take the trouble to see the gentleman who will officiate, and explain the whole circumstances. I am positive that he will be only too glad to co-operate with me in my plans. Hence, the inquest will be deferred for a day or so, which time must allow me an opportunity to finish my case."

The look of deep concern began to pass away from her pretty face.

"Then I can just stay at home, and decline to say anything to visitors?"

"Explain to them that you are acting under my orders, and refuse to let any of them in. Here is my card."

"But they may say they represent the law."

"There are some things that are above the law. Sickness has its peculiar rights. Besides, without some whiff of the truth to guide them, these city sleuths can have no suspicion that you are an important witness."

"But suppose Frank comes?"

Now she was blushing and smiling, for love banishes troubles from the young and innocent heart.

"All right. He is a favored party. Take him in, and his presence will do you good."

"But I may tell him something of this strange and awful thing that has happened?" wistfully asked the girl.

"Tell him all! Frank will be tickled to learn that the dearest wish of your heart can now be carried out. And I know him well enough to feel sure that the fact of your now being an heiress will not make you an atom more precious to him. Frank is true gold!"

"Oh! thank you!" she murmured, in a transport of delight; but whether she said this in return for what he had just granted, or because he eulogized her lover, the doctor-detective never knew.

Van Alstine had a few words with Alma's mother before he went away.

"Alma will tell you a wonderful thing after I am gone, madam," he said, as he held her thin hand a minute and smiled reassuringly, for the poor woman had been puzzled over this mysterious consultation in the other room.

"She looks so different from what she did a short time ago that I am almost tempted to suspect you have been bringing her good news, Doctor?" murmured the sick woman.

"It is good news, glorious news, mother! But possess your soul in patience. He has given me full permission to tell you everything just as soon as he goes!" said the girl, stooping to press burning kisses on the forehead of the other.

"Which shall be now. Remember all I have told you, Alma, please. I do not know just when you may see me again, as I have some difficult work ahead; but depend upon it, I shall not forget you. Good night, both!"

He made his way down to the street with care, for the stairs were in a bad condition. At sight of the rubbish heap near by, his thoughts once more went out to the waiting policeman.

Just then a vehicle came clattering down the street.

"By Jove! the patrol wagon at last. And to think the bird has been off and away for nearly an hour!" chuckled the investigator.

He could not resist the temptation to hover about, in order to see the disappointment of the intending raiders.

Half a dozen men in blue came tumbling out of the wagon as soon as it backed up to the curb, while several others stayed with a prisoner inside the vehicle. They knew their business, and seemed to have marked the tenement well.

One of them hurried around so as to command the fire-escape; for that is always a favorite means of flight on the part of wily crooks. Another took his stand alongside the door. The rest entered the building, which would be combed from basement to roof in search of the clever female crook they had

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reason to believe had a room somewhere on the five floors. Meanwhile, still another officer leaving the wagon, entered a neighboring house to ascend to the roof, so as to cut off that favorite avenue of escape.

The search was carried out with exactness. When the first combing failed to bring about any result the policemen started once more.

Even the sick woman's rooms were examined, because they happened to adjoin the one that had been occupied by the tricky person sought. Van Alstine had taken occasion to speak to the sergeant in charge of the squad, and mentioned the fact that Alma and her mother were friends of his. On this account they were not annoyed more than seemed absolutely necessary. The sergeant, though, seemed puzzled when he learned that the girl they wanted had been with the sick woman up to within an hour and a half. As they had had the house carefully watched since nightfall, it was very odd how their intended prey could have escaped.

Of course, Van Alstine could have enlightened them; but he saw no reason to do so, since he might have found it awkward explaining why he had connived at the escape of the other. Sentiment does not enter into the plans of the department; and because the lawbreaker had shown that she had a heart was no reason she should be shown any consideration whatever.

But the hunt had to be given up for that night. Of course, they hoped to get the woman later on, unless she took warning, and fled from the city, which was likely to be the case.

Van Alstine went away chuckling, as though he had thoroughly enjoyed his recent experience. Why not, when so much that was of romantic interest had been crammed into the happenings of the last few hours?

Now he meant to get home and secure some needed rest before taking up the last serious task that confronted him—which was nothing more nor less than running the real assassin of Addison Doncaster to earth.

He made no further attempt to disguise the issue. With the innocence of Alma positively proved, according to his way of looking at it, there remained only one more suspect.

This was the man who had stopped her on the street with such a remarkable request—the man who had trusted her with the precious package containing all that had been stolen from Doncaster's private bank—the man who pretended to have a lame ankle, and who did have a perceptible lisp when he spoke—the man who had declared that he was a lawyer, endeavoring to save some valuable papers from an unscrupulous nephew, and who was to claim the same again presently by presenting himself at her door and mentioning the magic name of "Tranter."

But it seemed that Fate had stepped in to confound the well laid plans of the scoundrel, since he had actually handed the stolen treasure over to the daughter of his victim!

CHAPTER XV.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

Again night. Van Alstine was loitering at the club, though the hour was early, and but few members had as yet put in an appearance. He smoked, and seemed to be yawning over his paper, as if bored. All the while, however, he was watching the entrance; and never a form passd the threshold but this man was instantly aware of the fact.

When the one he was expecting did enter, Van Alstine gave no particular indication of interest. Possibly, however, there may have been something akin to an invitation when he nodded to Harold Severance. At any rate, the handsome young society swell came to a halt alongside his chair.

"You look bored, Doctor?" he suggested, laughing.

"I am, decidedly. Things seem too quiet to suit me. To tell the truth I'm thinking of taking a run across, in order to study how they do things in Paris. Always a sort of fascination about the French detectives, you know. They are the shrewdest of their class."

The other dropped into a chair at the Doctor's side. He seemed to be contemplating Van Alstine with what might be termed a smile of condescension, as though, in company with a few others, Severance had but a poor opinion of the Doctor's ability in the favorite line he had chosen for his latest fad.

"So they tell me. I'm deuced little interested myself, you know. And yet I've had some experience with a lot of clumsy English detectives, that nearly drove me wild," he remarked, musingly.

"Indeed. When was this?"

Van Alstine showed great interest. He somehow fancied that the other wanted to cultivate his society just then, for some reason or other.

It might be he had conceived the idea that the retired doctor, who was known to be rich, might prove an easy mark if only he could be induced to sit down to a quiet game of cards. And possibly Severance was, as usual, in desperate need of funds to pay his debts, always pressing close on his heels.

He shrugged his broad shoulders and stroked his chin reflectively, as he replied to Van Alstine's query.

"Oh! a year or so back. They got a fool notion in their heads that because I chanced to resemble some smart rascal they were entitled to give me all the trouble possible."

"That sometimes happens, and is the price one has to pay for looking distinguished. Ordinary-appearing individuals like myself have no cause for uneasiness. But I suppose you finally found no difficulty in proving your identity?"

"By Jove! Now, I had to call in the American consul who happened to be a particular friend of mine. The beggars had me tight, and actually put a pair of nasty little steel bracelets on my wrists. That's the nearest I ever came to being shut up, Doctor."

"It was a narrow escape, I should say. Of course you made them apologize for the indignity?"

"Oh! they were profuse with their explanations and hoped I would not carry the matter to headquarters.

"Did you?"

"Wasn't worth my time. Besides, it would have brought me a lot of notoriety, you know. I let them go, though I did insist upon one thing."

"What was that?"

"That they make me a present of those delightful irons that had encircled my dainty wrists. Somehow I felt that I ought to possess them as a sort of souvenir, as it were, of the adventure."

"Have you got them still?"

Van Alstine purposely put considerable of eagerness in his question. And yet it was only natural, since his investigations brought him constantly in contact with the police; and everything that pertained to their methods must be of especial interest in his eyes.

"Sure, over at my rooms, and the first time you're at leisure just drop around with me and see the clumsy tools they persist in working with, over in that benighted island."

"H'm! Now, I'd like to handle them first rate, and yet if I decided to go abroad, the steamer I expect to take sails tomorrow. If it wasn't too much trouble, perhaps you wouldn't mind showing me tonight some time?"

He actually heard Severance chuckle. It was just such a sound as a man might make when the god of fortune drops favor directly in his lap.

Yes, he had certainly been figuring on how he could coax the rich doctor around to his snug apartments without exciting his suspicions. And lo! the opening had [illegible] up like magic

Severance was so much taken up with his own schemes, looking to a possible fat picking in the near future, that he failed to realize how possibly Van Alstine might have some little game in hand.

"Nothing in the way that I know of, Doctor, if so be you choose to do me the honor of a visit. Some people are a bit shy of dropping in at my apartments, because, you see, we've had some pretty stiff games there at times But you're not built that way, I know."

"Not in the least. If I conclude not to go across tomorrow I might cultivate a closer acquaintance with you. Always had a desire to see more of you. And I'm positive that some of your little adventures abroad would put me wise to certain things I've never fully understood."

"That nice of you. What say? Shall we take a cab at the door, and roll up my way now? I presume you've dined some time ago?"

"An hour and more. And I'll take you at your word. I told you I was dying of ennui, and needed something to stir the stagnant blood. Consider your kind invitation accepted, with one proviso."

"Which is?"

"That you respect my principles and don't feel hurt if I decline to drink with you. I've heard that you are a very hospitable chap at home, and keep a choice vintage on tap for your friends."

Severance laughed, and there was actual relief in the sound

"Oh, that will be all right, Doctor. I've had some fellows with me who were on the water wagon for the time being, and I never tried to tempt a soul. But you smoke, I know?"

"Only a certain brand of very mild cigars, of which I always carry a supply with me. There, again, you will think me queer, and a poor chap to entertain."

"Not me. I believe any man has a right to do as he pleases with regard to those things. My obligation begins and ceases with an offer to provide. He is at liberty to accept or decline. But suppose we cut out."

"All right, and delighted at the chance to get a look-in at your rooms. A number of my friends have told me about their magnificence."

"I hope they didn't hint that there was ever any fleecing done to lambs there. Sometimes one runs across disgruntled would-be sports, who shout out if fortune tosses them a bad turn, and try to lay the blame on the one who came out best. I've been having beastly luck myself lately, for the cards seem to have taken a turn against me, and I'm deep in a hole. But chance will drag me out again. It's an old story with me. I never worry about it."

They were leaving the clubhouse while Severance talked in this philosophic manner. Van Alstine could see that in spite of his apparent coolness, the other was under some strain. Possibly the hosts of debts that clustered over his head gave him more concern than he cared to admit, or something else might be causing him an excess of anxiety.

A waiting taxicab was called into use, and entering, the pair found themselves being whisked speedily farther uptown.

Van Alstine knew where the other had his apartment. He had been making quite a few inquiries during the day just passed.

They chatted on ordinary topics while on the move. The detective noticed that not once did the other refer to the recent tragedy, of which the papers were full and all society talking, since its very mysterious nature seemed to add to the interest.

Under the belief that continued silence in that respect might seem peculiar, he finally found a chance to casually mention the death of Doncaster.

"I've been depressed ever since reading about that terrible affair," remarked Severance, with a shudder, plainly perceptible to the man who was pressing up against him in the vehicle.

"The strange thing about it was my connection with the tragedy," said the Doctor. "So far that has been kept out of print pretty fairly; but, of course, it will all appear when the coroner holds his inquest, and I have to tell how I was called by poor Doncaster with his last dying breath, and on reaching his side found him stone dead."

He felt the start which his companion gave, nor was it at all unexpected

"I saw some mention made of that in a vague way. If poor Doncaster had only been able to tell the name of his assailant, it would be easy work putting your hand on him, I suppose?" he went on, with not a tremor in his voice, though at times there could be plainly detected a positive lisp!

"It was very unfortunate, but you see he could only call me and ask me to come to him. I think he fell before he finished his sentence. But he certainly mentioned no name!"

Was that a sigh of satisfaction? Certainly it sounded very like it.

Van Alstine was purposely playing his cards so as to quiet any possible fears that might be troubling his companion. He believed that Severance, if guilty of this terrible crime, must be consumed with secret eagerness to know all that had passed when the Doctor was called to the 'phone by the dying man. And he had thus made an opening which would allow of just such questioning.

"This certainly was a deuced strange happening, apart from the tragic aspects" went on Severance. "Think of being spoken to over the wire by a man already in the clutches of death! It may not have seemed so queer to you, because you've practiced medicine many years; but it would give me a cold chill. I never fancy the thought of death. But by the way what was it the poor old chap did say to you?"

"His sentences were broken and disjointed, as if he gasped for breath. As near as I can remember now, he said: 'This is Doncaster, Doctor—come—help—afraid badly hurt—quick! for God's sake!' And then I heard a sudden sound, which may have been caused by his tumble to the floor."

"Whew! What an experience! I

(Continued on page twenty-one.)

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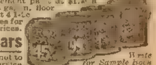

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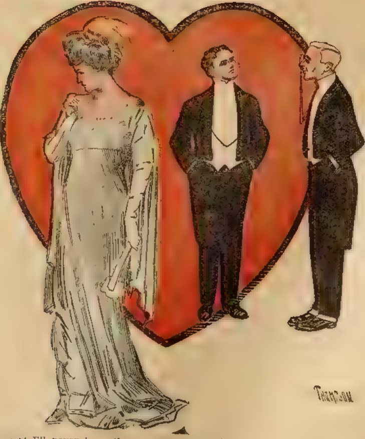
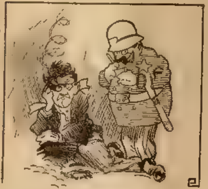


[illegible]: I'll never have the courage to ask her father for his daughter's hand.
"And why not?"
"Because he still thinks that I once sent him a two cent comic valentine."



Policeman—How many people were in the car that ran over you?
Victim—W-hat's th' population uv th' United States?

The Way Out.

A painstaking mother of two children was attempting to give them a serious idea of her anxiety to make them good, and to make plain to their minds the gravity of the task before her. Overcome with the impossibility of ever attaining her mother's ideal, 8-year-old Frances answered in all earnestness: "Don't try to make us good, mother; just shoot us."

He Did It.

He—If I should kiss you, what would happen?
She—I should call father.
He—Then I won't do it.
She—But father's in Europe.

Solving the Problem.

Domestic—I'm much obliged to ye, mum, fer sendin' me to that cookin' school so long. Here's me diplomer wot I got ter-day

Mistress (who thinks she has solved the servant-girl problem)—I am delighted. Now I presume you can cook

Domestic—Please, mum, th' teacher said we couldn't be expected to remember all we learned, an' we must buy her cooking book, an' keep it by us all th' time.

Mistress—Certainly. I will get you a copy.

Domestic—Thankee, mum. An' please mum, w'u'd ye moind sendin' me fer a few terms to boardin' school till I learn to read?

Why She Left Them.

"Have you any references?" asked the lady of the house.
"Yes, ma'am. A lot of 'em."
"Then why didn't you bring them with you?"
"They're just like my photographs, ma'am. None of 'em does me justice."

Ending His Suspense.

"The widow promised to give me her answer tomorrow. Gee, I don't see how I can sleep tonight."
"Go to sleep and don't worry, old chap; she told me when I introduced you to her that she was going to marry you."

The Wreck.

Ross—I hear a burglar got in your house while your wife was away.
Cory—Yes; I'm so glad. My wife won't know how much of the wreck is me and how much is him.

Not His Wife, but the Cook.

It is not an easy thing to get a good cook in the suburbs—or anywhere else so far as that goes—and the Bennetts had had their own troubles. Maria, the latest, was one of those very stout "culled ladies," one of the sort who are most particular about the social relations between the family and themselves.

Mrs. Bennett had been visiting friends in Boston for a week and her husband didn't get along at all well with Maria He could stand it no longer, and one morning he called her into the dining room

"Confound it, you I want my meals cooked better hereafter, or out of the door you go I don't propose to pay you $20 a month to burn my meals for me

"Look a-here," retorted Maria. "Don't you talk that a-way to me. You jes 'member who I is. I don't like your tone o' voice and I ain't no trash fo' yo' to holler at Yo' mustn't take me fo your wife."

■

A Wake.

An Irishman with one side of his face badly swollen stepped into Dr. Wicten's office and inquired if the dentist was in

"I am the dentist" said the doctor.

"Well, then, I want ye to see what's the matter with me tooth."

The doctor examined the offending molar and explained-

'The nerve is dead; that's what's the matter"

"Thin, be the powers!" the Irishman exclaimed, "the other teeth must be holdin' a wake over it!"

■

Needle and Haystack.

"Mornin' Sis Judy," called a neighbor's cook to our good old mammy "I heard dat Skeeter Jim is dun got him a new wife I hope she's leetle fatter'n dat pindlin', no count streak o'-lean"

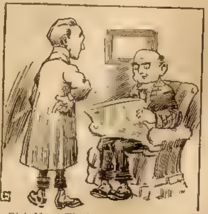
"Fatter'n him?" Mammy replied, rolling her eyes and clasping her own fat hands. "Lawsy, chile dey jes like a needle an' a haystack!"

A Family Dialogue.

She (in a dispute over some figures—I tell you I'm right
He—And I tell you you're wrong
She—Didn't I go' to school, stupid?
He—Yes, and you left it stupid

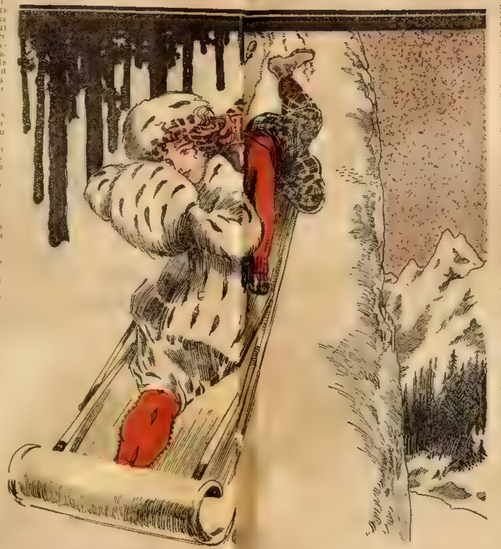
Bad Shooting.

Stranger (at Gory Gulch)—What did you lynch that fellow for?
Leader of Mob—He fired at a man an killed my horse.



Rich Man—Would you love my daughter just as much if she had no money?
Suitor—Why, certainly!
Rich Man—That's sufficient. I don't want any idiots in this family

ON THE AY DOWN.



Wife—John, dear, what would you do if I were to be killed?
Husband—Don't speak of such a thing; I'd do something desperate
Wife—Do you think you would marry again?
Husband—Well, no-no; I don't think I'd anything quite so desperate as that.

Art at a Discount.

"I believe in the cultivation of art among the masses," said Criticus. "Artistic taste, no matter in what walk of life it may be found, is of incalculable value to the possessor."

"Well, I can't see it that way," rejoined Homer. "My wife spent over $100 on art lessons last year and then she gave me two boxes of cigars—selected by the pictures on the covers."

The Latest Cut.

The young man was disconsolate. Said he: "I asked her if I could see her home"

"Why, certainly," she answered; "I will send you a picture of it."

Had Proof of It.

First Youth—Scientists say that trees contribute to the heat of the atmosphere.

Second Youth—That's so; a birch has warmed me many a time.

Abt Jones.

"The's nothing ow about Jones"

"I uess you neveraned him mong"

"Oh, yes, I have. That's what made me speak that way He borrwed $10 six mnths ago and I havent been able to catch him since."

Some Vaudeville

She—What is the greatest punishment a man can receive for bigamy?

He—Two mothers-in-law, my dear.

Approximately.

"At what age doctor," said the caller, "do women begin to notice the men?"

"Well," replied the great savant, "on that point there is a difference of opinion among the authorities. Some of them assert that the female child notices the opposite sex when one day old, while the rest claim she does not until she is at least forty-eight hours old."

A Lesson—Perhaps.

Sharp Father—I believe that handsome stranger has fallen in love with you, my dear?
Extravagant Daughter—Do you? Why?
Sharp Father—I saw him gazing sadly at that expensive dress you have on.

Spoiled Children.

Jinks—There's one good thing about spoiled children.
Blinks—What's that?
Jinks—One never has them in one's own house.

Make a Beginning.

"Robert, dear," said the coy little maiden to her sweetheart, "I'm sure you love me. But give me some proof of it darling. We can't marry on $15 a week you know"

"Well, what do you want me to do? said he with a grieved air

"Why save up $1,000 and have it safe in the bank, and then I'll marry you

About two months later she cuddled up close to him on the sofa one evening and said

"Robert, dear, have you saved that thousand yet?"

"Why, no, my love," he replied, "not all of it."

"How much have you saved, darling?

'Just $2.35, dear."

"Oh, well," suggested the sweet young thing, as she snuggled a little closer "don't let's wait any longer, darling. I guess that'll do."

■

Dangers of Boating.

Clara—When George and I are married, I'm to have my own way in everything

Dora—Guess you won't

Clara—Indeed I will. That's the bargain. Don't you remember I told you he proposed to me in a rowboat and asked if I'd float through life with him just that way?

Dora—Yes.

Clara—Well, he was rowing, but I was steering

The Occasion.

They had been having a little tiff.

"Oh, of course," said he, wrathfully, "I am always in the wrong"

'Not always," said she, calmly. Last week you admitted that you were in the wrong——'

"Well, what's that got to do with it?" he demanded

"Nothing, except that you were perfectly right when you admitted it," she replied.

His Calling.

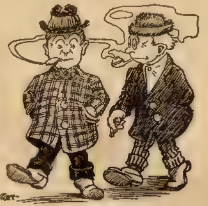
Pa—I greatly disapprove of that young Smithson, and one particular reason is his lack of industry in his calling

Daughter—His calling? Why he calls seven evenings in the week.

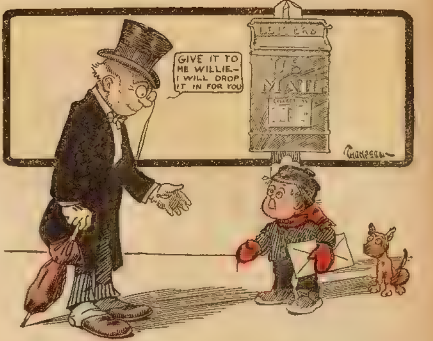
The Vine and the Oak.

"I like the clinging type of girl, don't you?"

"Can't say I do. These clinging vines have to have something to cling to while you are away."



"So you got some valentines?"
'Yes."
"Did they make you angry?"
"Not a bit. I was glad they weren't bills."


GIVE IT TO ME WILLIE— I WILL DROP IT IN FOR YOU
MAIL
THOMPSON

Awful predicament of Willie, who has addressed a horrible valentine to his school principal, when that gentleman happens to meet him!

After the Party.

"Well, George, I hope you are pleased with yourself

'Suffering Samson, what have I done now?"

"Oh, nothing, of course What did you say to that aristocratic Mrs Pingleton"

'Well what did I say?"

'And right after I warned you against your awful breaks. You said to her, 'How time flies! I suppose your young hopeful will soon put on long trousers.'"

'Well, what's the matter with that? Friendly, wasn't it?"

'Friendly! Mrs. Pingleton has but one child, and she's a young woman of 20!"

What to Do.

'Speaking of etiquette, d'd you send the dollar for those advertised instructions on 'What to do at table?'"

'Yes."

"And what did you get?"

"A slip with one word printed on it: 'Eat'"

A Question of Finance.

Jack—I'm thirsty. Come in here and I'll order a bottle of champange.

George—I'd rather have beer.

Jack—So would I, but I haven't a cent. It's easier to get trusted for champagne than beer

A Dog's Life.

"Your husband says he leads a dog's life," said one woman.

"Yes, it's very similar," answered the other. "He comes in with muddy feet, makes himself comfortable by the fire, and waits to be fed."

Greatly Relieved.

"I say, old man, I need $50 badly and haven't the least idea where I can get it."

"Glad to hear that. I thought perhaps you had an idea you could borrow it from me."

Good Reason.

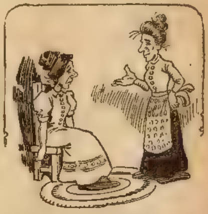
"When the judge granted her prayer for divorce and awarded her $100,000 alimony I was astounded."

"So was I until I learned that she and the judge were engaged."

The Boy Guesses Right.

Teacher (to class in geography)—Johnny, the Hudson River flows into New York Bay. That is its mouth. Now where is its source?

Johnny (after careful deliberation)—At the other end, ma'am.



Aunt Samanthy—I feel hurt that I didn't get a piece of Sadie Bogg's weddin' cake.
Niece Sadie—Aunt Samanthy, you don't feel half as hurt as those who ate some of that cake.

Little Left.

'What's the matter here?" asked the caller, noticing the barren appearance of the house. "Sent your goods away to be stored?"

'No," replied the hostess. "Not at all. My daughter was married last week and she has merely taken away the things that she thought belonged to her."

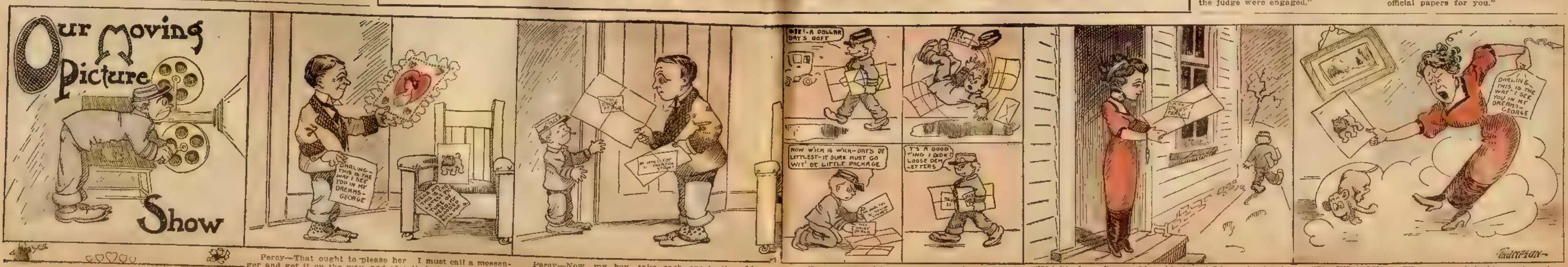
■

Ready for Work.

"Now," said the warden to the forger, who had just arrived at the prison, "we'll set you to work. What can you do best?"

"Well, if you'll give me a week's practice on your signature I'll sign your official papers for you."

PERCY'S VALENTINE MIXUP.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DEAR JIM THIS IS THE LATEST PICTURE OF NERO, MY BLOODED BULL PUP
!—A DOLLAR DAT'S SOFT
NOW WICH IS WICH—DAT'S DE LITTLEST—IT SURE MUST GO WIT' DE LITTLE PACKAGE
T'S A GOOD T'ING I DIDN'T LOOSE DEM LETTERS
MISS DAISY PEACH
THOMPSON

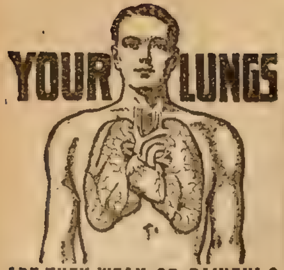
Percy—That ought to please her I must call a messenger and get it on the way, and also that picture of Nero for Cousin Jim.

Percy—Now, my boy, take each one to the address on the envelopes which I have tucked under the string, and here's a dollar for you.

What happened to the messenger boy

"Oh! it's from George, bless his heart! I know his handwriting so well!"

"The WRETCH''! I'll never speak to him again as long as I live!'



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Are you continually hawking and coughing?
Do you have pains under your shoulder blades?

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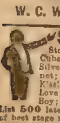

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THE RED REVENGE

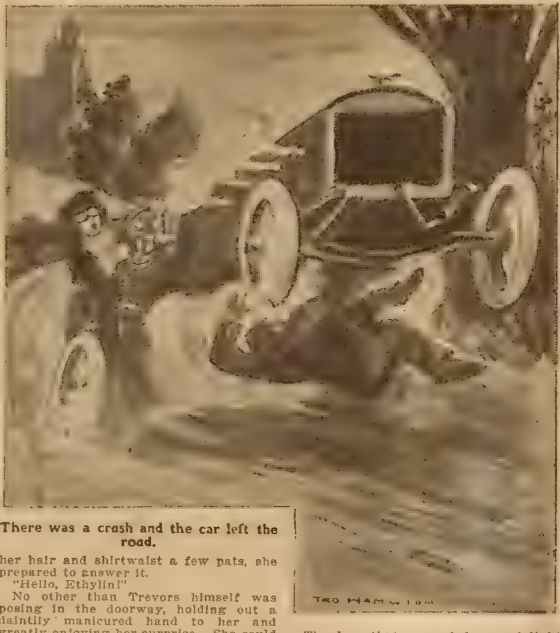
By Augustin Wilber Breeden

MRS. ROBERS finished the last crisp page of the stiff new book, and laid it down with a sigh.

"Edwin Trevors' own book!" she murmured to herself. "At last he has succeeded. What a beautiful binding and what beautiful illustrations! But it seems the kind of people he writes about are very careless of their good names. I don't like his heroine—she's positively unladylike; but what a thrilling life she must have had. I wonder if Ed ever thinks of me now. I suppose he has heard of my marriage."

The woman began to finger the immaculate pages of the book. Her mind had traveled back to that delightful winter in Florida, the only winter she was ever "in society," as she put it. That winter she had met this rather dissipated young literary aspirant, and there had been a romance; and ever since then she had had dreams of what might have been

"Oh, ho! This humdrum village life is killing me!" she sighed again. 'I wasn't cut out for the wife of a country shopkeeper. I wonder who the stranger was that got off the mail hack this morning. Somehow I fancied it looked like Ed from here."



There was a crash and the car left the road.

Suddenly the doorbell rang, and giving her hair and shirtwaist a few pats, she prepared to answer it.

"Hello, Ethylin!"

No other than Trevors himself was posing in the doorway, holding out a daintily manicured hand to her and greatly enjoying her surprise. She could not answer his salutation, but stood in the door too confused to bid him come in When she recovered from her surprise they were in the front parlor, and he was nonchalantly disposing of his hat and stick and bidding her be seated

Ethylin Rogers could never quite remember all that passed that afternoon. It was all a beatific dream to her. Her visitor talked charmingly of himself, of the many places he had visited since last he saw her, of his many ups and downs in his profession, and his final success. He picked up the copy of his book that lay on her table, and began caressingly to turn its pages, giving the life history of this chapter or that character. Then they fell to talking of that wonderful winter in Florida, and talked until it seemed like old times come back again.

And so the afternoon sped by, and the time came for Mr. Rogers to return to dinner. The wife glanced timidly at the clock, and her visitor rose regretfully

"Oh, it's late!" he cried, "and I must go; but I would like the best in the world to stay and meet Rogers. I'm sure he's a bully fellow."

Then Ethylin said a very foolish thing But she had scarcely been out of the hills except to go to school, and was as ignorant of this world's wickedness as she was unskilled in its polite conventions.

"I don't think John would like it if he knew we had been talking together all the afternoon, so you had better go," she said

But Trevors met the husband in the hallway, and the latter would hear of nothing but his staying to dinner; and at dinner the guest was so engaging that before the meal was half over he had completely captivated the heart of the village merchant. The two men discussed politics, the market and the trusts; and Rogers told his visitor all about the beauties of the hill country and its vast undeveloped resources, and offered to drive him over it in the new red car he had recently bought for his restless wife. So, after dinner, while the setting sun threw soft gleams upon the river, the three of them sped along the beautiful river road over which Trevors had come that morning on the mail hack.

Ethylin was divinely happy. It seemed to her that the river drive had never been so beautiful as it was that soft June evening. It was almost too good to be true that here was a man who could be a very dear friend to her and her husband at the same time, and that she could be with him and listen to his wonderful voice without at the same time being disloyal to John. During the afternoon she had trembled on the delightful verge of what she felt was a naughty little adventure. Now she was serene in her feeling of deep regard for this man, since her husband shared it with her. She chatted so gayly that both men were charmed with her, and Mr. Rogers decided that what she had needed all along was the society of city people, and decided forthwith to let her give as many house parties as she could arrange.

The days that succeeded were delightful ones for both husband and wife. The former spent every spare moment of his time with his new-found friend, and also insisted upon giving him the freedom of the house; so that it happened that during the long summer morning when he was busy at the store, Trevors was talking a certain kind of world-old talk to Ethylin on the shady lawn, or taking her for long motor trips across the hills.

The wife was as happy as ever, and still serene. Except for that first afternoon, when she had felt a guilty little twinge, she had steadily regarded this man as nothing more than a very dear friend, who had been kind enough to come to her and make life in the dull little village worth while. He said that he had come to the hills simply for rest and an outing, after the hard work of getting out his book, and she believed him; but still he sometimes made her uneasy by vague talk about having earned a vacation and the right to loaf and sing and love and be loved in the good old-fashioned manner of the mountains.

Then one morning her tranquillity received a shock that shattered it to bits In helping her out of the hammock, Trevors held her hand longer than was necessary, and sought her eyes with a look that she did not understand. She blushed furiously and tried to withdraw her hand, but he began to plead with her.

"You must choose between us!" he whispered, tensely. "I have never once ceased to love you since those sweet days in Florida. Why do you think I sought you out in this dull little hole of a village? Why, to win you at any cost, and take you away into the world and give you the kind of life you long for—the kind you deserve!"

"Oh," gasped Mrs. Rogers, "please don't say any more!"

With a gesture of reproach she tried to thrust him from her; but he caught her to his breast. For an instant only the shock of this action held her spellbound, and he thinking she was yielding to him, kissed her cheeks and lips. Then with the strength and fierceness of a young lioness she flung him from her, and with all the sturdy invective of the mountain tongue told him what she thought of him and bade him get out of her sight.

That night she pleaded illness and stayed away from the dinner table. She felt, somehow, that the spots on her cheeks would show, and she wished that she might never have to face her husband again. But she scouted the idea of telling him, and made up a falsehood to account for Trevors' sudden disappearance. The next day she received a long letter from her former visitor. He was at a near-by village, and begged that she would let him return to her, if only long enough to prove himself a man and redeem himself in her regard before he went his way forever. He begged her pardon in the most humble terms for his rude conduct of the day before, but still professed that it was his passionate devotion for her that betrayed him into acting thus; and he reminded her that if their friendship were broken off so suddenly it might cause talk.

Ethylin wept over the letter the whole afternoon. The thing she could not get rid of was the fact that she wanted him

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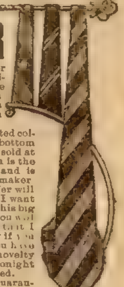
Mrs. Bigger, as is well known, is a famous beauty expert, and whatever she recommends is sure to be found eminently satisfactory.



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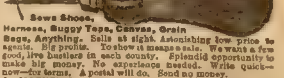

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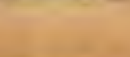

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back. She longed for the old friendship and the old tranquillity once more. And so she let him come back to try to redeem himself. But he failed to resist absolutely the temptations to speak of his love for her; and she came at length to accept his protestations with patience and in her inmost soul to be flattered by them. At last the serpent's egg was in a fair way to hatch.

Meanwhile Rogers had read his friend's new book and it had set him to thinking. He wondered if there really was a class of people that behaved as those people in the book did. Perhaps this old sweetheart of his wife was of that class. Surely he believed in that manner of life, or he would never have written so much about it in his book. Perhaps he was not doing his duty as a husband in letting his wife be so much alone with this man. Somehow she didn't seem exactly happy lately, although he had done so much to make her so. There was the red car he had bought especially for her, when he really couldn't afford it. Ah, what if it should prove a curse to her? They were forever driving out together in it of late, she and Trevors. He took a lantern and went to have a look at the big machine. It looked sinister and unfriendly in the half-light of the lantern. At any rate, it was a thing from that other world—the world of society and of his wife's friend and his puzzling book—a world in which he had never moved. Ah, what secrets it might tell of tete-a-tetes in the hills if it could only speak. Before he knew it his heart was in the grip of jealousy. He started to walk out into the night to think out all these things, when he was met by his man of all work.

"Excuse me, Mr. Rogers," he apologized. "I don't like to meddle with other folks' business, but my wife says I've got to tell you this or she will."

Rogers steadied himself by a post, but made no other sign of emotion.

"Last night, when you was at the lodge, after my wife had finished the night work at your house, she started to come home past Mrs. Paine's to inquire how the sick boy was, and passin' along that south lane she heard two people talkin'. I hate to tell you who it was and what they said ——"

"Out with it!" cried Rogers, in a voice that made the other shrink away from him in the darkness.

"Well it was your wife and that city feller. My wife couldn't make out much of what they said; but it was something about him pretendin' to leave here in the mornin' on the mail hack, and droppin' off with his things this side o' the ford, and her pickin, him up in the auto. My wife said he laughed and talked poetry, and your wife cried, and they was something about leavin' a note for you to let you know she was gone. O' course they might be some mistake about it, and so I told my wife; but if he leaves on the hack in the mornin', you're welcome to the use of my Winchester."

"I have a good shotgun," muttered Rogers between clenched teeth. "I'm much obliged to you. Don't talk. But if my wife wants the auto in the mornin, bring it out for her as usual. Good night!"

Rogers did not sleep any that night. He lay by his wife, who tossed and muttered in unhappy dreams. Once she woke herself by crying like a child, but he pretended to be asleep and did not comfort her.

Next morning he went early to the store, but soon excused himself and drove out of town in another direction from the hack line with a shotgun concealed in the bottom of his buggy. He made a wide detour, and came out on the mail road near the spot indicated for Trevors to leave the hack. Tying his horse in a lonely place far from the road, he crept through the bushes and took his stand. The instinct of the man-hunter was upon him.

It was a beautiful morning of early summer, but none of the beauties meant anything to him. When the hack rolled by, sure enough Trevors was in it. The heart of the man-hunter stood still at the sight. He choked with fear at what he would do should that man get out and wait for his wife. He cocked and uncocked his gun, which had come to have a deadly fascination for him. But in his worst moments he still had faith in his wife. She was naturally sweet and pure, and if she should yield to this temptation, it would be only because the snarer had been too subtle for for. Had Trevors not deceived even him and won him completely over, although he, being a merchant, prided himself on a knowledge of men? How, then, should he expect poor Ethylin to escape? But perhaps he would go on—maybe she had sent him packing. No, the hack was stopping. He had got down. He was taking down his baggage and placing it inside a fence corner. Twice Rogers started forward to deal with him according to the code of the hills, but when the hack moved on across the ford and the city man started to walk leisurely back over the road he had come, Rogers slunk back into the bushes and began to stalk him as a tiger stalks its prey. The impulse to kill was strong upon him, but the instinct to stalk was still stronger. And all the time he kept repeating, "Ethylin would still be a good, true wife if this villain were out of the world." And all the time he kept thinking of the horror of being branded a manslayer.

Finally a faint honk-honk was heard in the distance, and peering through the thick papaw bushes he beheld the red car emerging from a cloud of dust. At the same time, the betrayer stepped into the middle of the road, and taking off his hat, looked airily about him as if he were enjoying to the fullest the beauties of the day and life in general. Rogers took steady aim at him and began to toy vously with the triggers. Then the mad rush of the car drew away his attention, and, turning, he saw that at the sight of Trevors in the road his wife had become excited and had lost complete control of the machine. Dropping his gun, he sprang forward to try to help.

The man in the road took in the whole situation at a glance. Paralyzed with fear, he did not move a muscle. He and the woman in the car stared straight at each other as if mutually hypnotized. Then there was a crash, as the car struck Trevors, and leaving the road went plowing into a deep sandbar, where the half-crazed woman brought it to a stop.

Rogers came running up from behind.

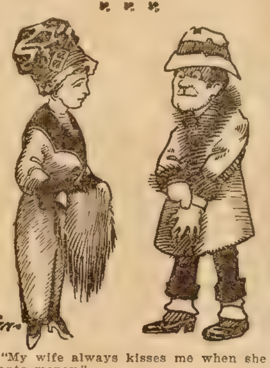
"He's dead!" he whispered. "For Heaven's sake, don't look around; it's too horrible!"

Then, after a moment, he drew his wife slowly to him, and bowing her head on his shoulder she sobbed out the whole miserable story.

"I know how it was with you," he comforted her, when she had finished. "He even fooled me and made me like him, anyway. But he can never come between us now. And I shall always cherish this car, for it spared me from doing a thing from which my soul has always shrunk."

And to this day John Rogers always thinks of his car as the Red Revenge, though he never calls it that.

* * *



"My wife always kisses me when she wants money."

"Well, she certainly earns all she gets."

* * *

Inartistic.

Mr. Barton had heard the word "artistic"—or rather, "inartistic"—until it had got somewhat "on his nerves." According to Mrs. Barton, who most decidedly had "taste," the next-door neighbor's possessions and purchases furnished a perpetual exhibition of the glaringly "inartistic." But in spite of this shock to her taste, Mrs. Barton spent many pleasant afternoons in Mrs. Garnet's comfortable sittingroom.

"Well, what do you think now?" At his wife's exclamation Mr. Barton looked up from his paper with that carefully acquired patience that indicated he was willing to think anything she might suggest, if only she would hurry so he could continue his reading. "Mrs. Garnet has bought a bright green rug for that sittingroom."

"Well, won't they take it back?" The tragedy in his wife's tone indicated that something ought to be done about it.

"She does not want them to take it back," said Mrs. Barton in despair. "That is the trouble. The whole family are delighted with it."

"If they like it," suggested Barton, densely, "what's wrong? They are the ones living there, aren't they?"

"But think of a green rug with that wall paper!" said Mrs. Barton. "It is simply atrocious!"

"Why?"

"Why? Simply because the colors clash so it almost makes you deaf."

"It isn't artistic then, to put together things that clash?"

"Most certainly not!"

"I should think, then," remarked Mr. Barton, as he resumed his reading, "that it would be decidedly inartistic for you to take your taste over to Mrs. Garnet's sittingroom."

* * *

No Place for Them.

Tommy—Say Pop.

Tommy's Pop—Well, what is it now?

Tommy—If Heaven is a place of perfect peace, where do all the policemen go when they die?

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Begun in No. 53, Dec. 30. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"EXTRA!"

EXTRA! Extra! Full account of the history of the Count de Blauvois!"

Whatever the motive, whoever had systematized the assault upon the exclusiveness and elegance of the Vansant mansion, a master genius must have directed and controlled the details so carefully carried out by the mob of crowding, jostling newsboys.

Their shouts had startled the retinue of servants guarding walk, steps, and portals of the banker's home. Then they reached the interior of that palatial abode. Surprise, curiosity, consternation began to gather force and spread like some infection.

Insidiously, mysteriously, the faint echo, a rumor, the bolder announcement of a fact, the appearance of newspapers secretly secured and smuggled in, consultation in some odd corner of the drawingroom or conservatory, and the explosion came.

"What is it?" whispered a budding debutante to her gossipy mother.

"Scandal—disgrace!" retorted the matron, in a shocked whisper, and proceeded to remove herself and her daughter from the tainted assemblage.

The music played on, but no one paid any attention to it now. Little groups became isolated, conversing in hushed, awed whispers. People began to leave the house.

In the library, white to the lips and shaking all over, John Vansant stood awaiting the arrival of his son-in-law, whom he had hastily sent for

He brandished fiercely in the face of De Blauvois the newspaper he bore in his hand as the Count entered

"You scoundrel!" he hissed fiercely. "What is the meaning of that?"

Imperturbable as ever, the impostor glanced keenly over the printed page, shrugged his shoulders, and remarked cooly:

"It means that the game is up."

"You villain!"

"My worthy father-in-law," retorted De Blauvois lightly, "no names. I doubt if your money deals will stand the test of inspection any closer than my record."

There was a shriek outside of the closed library door, which the banker had locked after the Count. Frantic hands beat against its panels.

"Father! father!" cried the quivering tones of Blanche Vansant, "let me in!"

"You had better go," Vansant warned his companion

Evidently the Count thought so, too. He hastened from the apartment by a side door as the banker admitted his daughter.

Blanche was in a frightful state of excitement and suspense. With ashen face and tottering frame she almost threw herself into the arms of her father

"Oh, what does it mean? Father, speak!" she wailed.

"It means that De Blauvois is an impostor," harshly replied the banker.

"You mean——"

"Read."

Vansant spread upon the table the freshly printed newspaper in his hand. With eyes stricken and horror-distended, Blanche Vansant at a glance took in the terrible significance of the article before her. Glaring headlines told the story in outline. As to the details—the adept journalist had indeed provided the sensation of the year for Irondale!

The article told succintly that the pretended Count de Blauvois was a swindler, a bigamist and a convict.

It was illustrated with four portraits of the impostor. One showed him a crossing sweeper in his native town, the second in the convict garb, the third as he had been arraigned as a pickpocket in London, a fourth had the rogue's gallery number across its face.

Martin Blomer had done his work well The day he had first noticed the pretended Count in Irondale it had suggested a trial he had attended in a remote city. Step by step, quietly, secretly, he had run down his prey. Not a link in the chain of evidence was missing. Even pictures of the humble father and mother of the impostor were printed. The "Castle in Spain," a poor peasant's hut, was prominent among the illustrations.

The whole truth flashed over the bride of an hour in an instant. Her eyes glared, and with a scream like that of a wounded tigress she ran to an escritoire standing in the corner of the room, tore open its drawer, seized thence a jeweled dagger, and rushed from the apartment, shrieking wildly.

"I will kill him!" she cried.

But the Count de Blauvois was not to be found. The window in the room in which Blanche had expected to find him was open, a broken garden trellis showed. The more costly of the wedding gifts were gone and the titled scoundrel had escaped.

Facing all this wreck and ruin, for the first time in her life Blanche Vansant collapsed, utterly crushed. She had been deluded, robbed. She was not even a wife.

A note was brought to her by a servant as she sat immersed in her misery. It bore the simple word "quits!" and the initials "M. B.", and Blanche Vansant recognized the revengeful triumph of the man she had scorned

There was a bitter, torturing hour of cruel, scathing woe, and then this willful, capricious woman decided what she would do. She could never endure the humiliation and storm of public exposure. She arose and gathered up all of her jewels, took a large sum in ready cash from a hidden drawer in her writing desk, and also a paper sealed in an envelope.

This latter contained the forged note of Lionel Marsden, which she had insisted on taking into her possession when she learned that the Count had placed it in her father's bank for collection. She noted an address on the envelope. It told the hiding-place in another city of the fugitive son of the millionaire.

A perverse idea had come into her mind. She donned a sober-hued dress, packed a few things in a satchel and left the room.

A wreck, a derelict, her high hopes in ruins, her life a dismal failure, Blanche Vansant left the home of her father like a thief in the night

CHAPTER XXIV

CONCLUSION.

Florence Henderson had managed with great difficulty to get first one and then her father into the small hay laden flatboat near the Vasco temple. Almost immediately her father again succumbed to the deadly effects of the poisoned air through which the native had carried him. Rolfe had not revived at all, but as Florence anxiously regarded the men she had conveyed to a place of hiding, if not of positive security, she decided that they were in no vital danger, believing that the effects of the poisonous gas would soon dissipate.

The hold was dark and outside. All along the shore Florence heard and saw numerous natives with lights seeking for a trace of the fugitives. None visited the boat, however. She sat with clasped hands and blinking eyes, her heart filled with gratitude. It seemed as though Providence smiled on her efforts to save her imperiled friends. Little as she had accomplished, vague and uncertain as was the prospect before her, Florence felt that in some way they would all be delivered out of their difficulties.

The hours wore on. It was joy ineffable to the poor girl to realize that near her, within touch of her hand, breathing the same air with herself, freed from a horrible captivity through her efforts those nearest and dearest to her were with her.

Unconsciously she merged into a dreamy doze and then into full slumber A great commotion aroused her. Florence started up. Daylight was coming in through the little barred windows looking into the hold. She noted, however, that the manhole through which they had descended was covered up.

From the forward hold there rang out the sound of wild, frenzied human voices. These framed a barbaric native song. Gazing from the stern windows, the startled girl witnessed a strange sight.

The flatboat was afloat, but accompanying it were a dozen or more light canoes. In some of these were men in priestly robes, apparently pronouncing incantations.

Suddenly the small boats fell behind. As the last one did so, the priest standing up in it swung a lighted censer. It fell upon the great bales of hay with which the barge was loaded. There was a bend in the broad river and the canoes receded from view.

At the same time there shot up a great cloud of smoke. Overhead the terrified Florence could detect the increasing crackle of flame.

"The boat is on fire!" she gasped. "What does it mean?"

From the forward hold again there arose that shrill, jarring song, the seeming threnody of doomed souls.

Florence could not solve the enigma of all these unusual and mysterious occurrences. She crept over to the side of Rolfe Ashley. She tugged at his arm. He roused up with a dazed murmur, rubbed his eyes, stared at her, and then, as if doubting his senses, shouted: "You—here—Florence!"

"Yes, yes," replied Florence. "There

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is no time to waste. Listen to me, Mr. Ashley," and in a wild rush of words she explained the situation.

"Why," exclaimed Rolfe instantly, "we are aboard the suicide ship!"

"The suicide ship?" repeated Florence, in an awed tone.

"Yes. Once a year a number of natives offer themselves as sacrifices to the priests. They are shut up in the hold, the boat is set on fire, and they are allowed to drift to destruction, fancying themselves heroic sacrifices to their native religion. My friend, my friend, arouse yourself!"

Soon Mr. Henderson was brought back to consciousness. Rolfe found a stout wooden plank in the hold. With prodigious energy he attacked the bars at the hold window.

"You first," he directed to Mr. Henderson. "You can swim?"

"Yes, but this young man, our situation here ——"

"Will be explained later. The boat is burning fiercely. Follow after me," he ordered Florence.

One after the other the three refugees lowered themselves into the water. Florence could not swim. She thrilled as the staunch, loving arm of Rolfe Ashley enfolded her. Mr. Henderson, weak as he was, managed to strike out for shore. Rolfe, encumbered by his helpless charge, made slower progress.

Suddenly a boat shot out from shore. It reached Mr. Henderson, and its occupant lifted him aboard. Then the rescuer resumed the oars, and Florence and Rolfe were lifted from the water, well-nigh exhausted.

"Rodigo!" cried Florence, as she recognized their rescuer as the loyal guide she had lost. "But those poor people on the flatboat?"

"We cannot reach them—the boat is a mass of fire," said Rolfe. "If we did, they would refuse to abandon their fanatic sacrifice."

It was when the faithful Rodigo had piloted them to a safe distance from the temple, that Florence recited all her wonderful story to her astonished father and lover. Then they started back for civilization. A month later, bronzed and travel-worn, but hopeful and happy, the little coterie of refugees reached Rio de Janeiro.

Florence sought out the explorer, Desmond, and delivered over to him the prized seeds of the famous flower he so coveted. A day later, and they were on their way north on a coast steamer. One week later, father, daughter, and lover reached Irondale.

On that especial afternoon John Vansant was closing up his business career. He looked twenty years older than a month before, when he had so proudly seen his only child, Blanche, "marrying a title."

The false Count de Blauvois had disappeared, after reaping a rich harvest from his latest imposture.

Blanche had joined Lionel Marsden and induced him to marry her. For a week, in some strange freak of perversity, the two had indulged in a honeymoon of reckless dissipation. One day, the worse for wine, they had gone for a row on a lake at a summer resort. A sudden storm had come up, the boat was overturned, and both had drowned. Verily, the wages of sin was death!

Everything had gone downhill with the banker since the night of the wedding. He had lost his grasp on the traction deal through expectancy of capital from the French syndicate. His troubles fairly overcame him. Now, arranging to leave Irondale, he had just consummated a series of forgeries which might enable him to dispose of the Henderson holdings for ready cash.

A knock at the door, and Vansant went thither, expecting some casual visitor.

"Henderson!" he gasped, and fell back as if dealt a violent blow in the face.

"Yes, John Vansant!" answered his half-brother sternly.

"Ashley!" again panted the petrified banker. "And you, Florence——"

It was an impressive conversation, that which ensued. John Vansant, a physical, moral, and financial wreck, left the place an hour later, a ruined, discredited man, confessing the bond imposture and returning the $100,000.

Later he was heard of in another city, promoting all kinds of speculative ventures, and just keeping out of the hands of the police by strategy and scheming.

Restored to his own, a happy, grateful man, Robert Henderson felt that a kind Providence had lifted him from the feverish life of a betrayed man into the holy, trustful calm of eternal purposes.

He saw his brave daughter wedded to a man who truly loved her—Rolfe Ashley. They who were innocent and had suffered were blessed and grateful through the happy outcome of their trials.

The shadow of the baleful influence of desperate plotters had passed from their lives, and the present was one long day of happiness, and the golden future was aureoled with faith and hope.

The end.

* * *

Some Use.

Church—Can you make anything out of these confounded railway time tables?

Gotham—Well, my wife can. She makes curl papers out of 'em.

* * *

Love-making is one kind of a cold-weather picnic.

A Clew by Wire.

(Continued from page fifteen.)

wouldn't have been in your shoes for a good bit. I'm superstitious, you know. And when you got there the old chap was actually dead?"

"Yes, and had been for five minutes or so."

"It's more of a shock to me than I let on, Doctor, for Addison and myself have been rather thick of late. He did me several favors, too, which I can never repay now. Well, it's a toss-up what way we're going to take out of this blooming world. My plan is to have a good time while you can, for the devil only knows how soon you may get up against it, just like he did."

When repeating what had been spoken over the wire by the stricken man, Van Alstine was very careful not to mention one phrase that had come to him—"Oh! the ingrate!"

These words were the most significant of all, since they announced in clarion tones that Doncaster must have recognized his assailant before he fell the first time; and that the assassin whom he had caught robbing his safe had been under obligations to him. And here was Severance candidly admitting that the dead man had helped him on several occasions!

The acknowledgment put another cudgel in the hands of the doctor-detective with which he hoped to bring the truth to earth.

"Here we are at my lodgings!" announced the other, as the vehicle drew up alongside the curb.

Over the wide doors could be seen the name of the elegant bachelor's apartments—"The Stanhope Arms."

Together they left the taxicab and entered, to be whisked aloft in the elevator, and finally landed on the floor where Severance had his "chambers," as he sometimes chose to call them, after the English fashion.

There they entered the young man's apartments.

The conclusion of this interesting story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year and we have stories awaiting publication that you cannot afford to miss.

* * *

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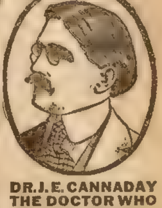

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What Eczema Is
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Chicago Ledger

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Advertising rate $2.25 per Agate Line, per insertion, for advertisements in The Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined. These two weeklies have an average circulation of

1,000,000

COPIES WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS.

Matrimony is the mother of excuses.

It takes more than hot air to lift a mortgage.

A woman wants protection, but favors free speech.

Money talks, but it doesn't stutter when it gets tight.

A woman usually tells a joke the way she gets off a [illegible]

A little outside assistance might have improved some self-made men.

Remember, girls, good cooks will be the leading ladies in leap year dramas.

There may have been a time when the good died young—but now they die poor.

It usually takes more than one swallow of liquor to make a man feel like a bird.

In the majority of cases the sad look on the face of a man is due to overeating.

Every time a man has a cold in his head he is expected to take a lot of advice.

Eternity seems a long time—except to a couple of women engaged in saying good-by.

Many a woman drives her husband to drink and then blames him for letting her do it.

What a small boy can't understand is how a small girl manages to keep her hands so clean.

A man seldom makes good when he attempts to show off before his children or his enemies.

In Adam's day woman was merely a side issue, but during leap year she poses as the whole show.

The success of your aim may depend upon the target. It's much easier to hit a cow than a rabbit.

By the time a man knows anything worth telling he is usually old enough to keep his mouth shut.

The self-made man is never finished until some woman gets busy and polishes off the rough edges

Some women know things by intuition and some others get next by having husbands who talk in their sleep.

It is truly wonderful how much good a poor man thinks he could do in this old world—if he only had the money.

We have often wondered how many wives Solomon had annexed before discovering that there was nothing new under the sun

ANECDOTES OF PEOPLE

The Conscience of Clara.

One day when Mrs. Bell was making a neighborly call on Mrs. Ellis the latter, in the presence of her caller, discharged her colored maid, whose obstreperousness could be borne no longer.

A few weeks later Mrs. Bell again called on Mrs. Ellis, and to her surprise her hostess informed her that Clara was back.

The services of the maid were required by her mistress, who pressed the button in the drawingroom. There was, however, no response. Finally Mrs. Ellis went out and waited on herself. While she was gone Clara, who was acquainted with Mrs. Bell, having served in her family also, put her head in at the door and explained:

"Mis' Bell, I heard Mis' Ellis all the time, but do you recollec' the las' time you was here she discharged me, an' said she'd never have me again? I said I'd never come back again, too. But here I am, so we bofe lied. That's why I'se ashamed to come in. I was ashamed for bofe of us!"

He Got Fooled.

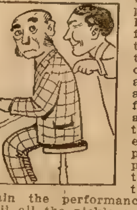
Outside his own cleverness there is nothing that so delights Mr. Wiggins as a game of baseball, and when he gets a chance to exploit the two both at the same time he may be said to be the happiest man in the world. Hence it was that the other day, when little red-headed Willie Mulligan, his office boy, came sniffing into his presence to ask for the afternoon off that he might attend his grandmother's funeral, Wiggins deemed it a masterly stroke to answer:

"Why, certainly, Willie. What's more, my boy, if you'll wait for me I'll go with you."

"All right, sir," sniffed Willie, as he returned to his desk and waited patiently.

And lo and behold, poor little Willie had told the truth, and when he and Wiggins started out together the latter not only lost one of the best games of the season, but had to attend the funeral of an old lady in whom he had no interest whatever.

Wasn't His.



For a long time the pale-faced man regarded the sandwich on the counter before him suspiciously. At length he carefully lifted off the top slice of bread, took out a piece of pickle, ate it, and replaced all as before. In a few seconds he again removed the top piece, extracted a piece of pickle, also a piece of meat this time, and replaced the top again; and again the performance was repeated, until all the pickle and almost all the meat as well were gone. A bystander tapped him on the shoulder.

"Excuse me," said the inquisitive one, "but why don't you eat your sandwich instead of picking at it in that fashion?"

"Weel," whispered back the other, glaring around suspiciously, "ye see, I canna verra weel. It isn't my sandwich!"

Merely an Episode.

The revels were at their height.

Then a man with a preternaturally solemn face arose, wineglass in hand, to propose a toast.

"May we never," he said in deep, measured tones, "drink any more of this stuff——"

He paused, and a horrified silence reigned for several seconds.

"——than is good for us!"

Then the revels broke loose again.

Give a woman a pretty lace handkerchief and she can cry over anything.

Took No Chances.

A friend, who was by way of becoming a sociologist, went to Cleveland to look over that city's farm and infirmary, and Fred C. Kelly took him out there.

They were shown all over the place, including the insane ward. Just as they were leaving that ward a man carrying a big razor in his hand came out of a door and started toward them. But Kelly and his friend ran.

They stopped when they reached the office, panting, and the superintendent, who is a fat man, came lumbering after them.

"What's the matter with you?" asked the superintendent.

"Did he cut anybody's throat?" chorused Kelly and his friend.

"Who?"

"That big patient with the razor."

"Oh," said the superintendent, "that was just an attendant who had been shaving some inmates. Come on back."

"Not on your life!" said Kelly. "He may only be imagining that he's an attendant."

His Question.

A noted attorney was questioning a witness and he insisted that the witness reply to his question by saying either "Yes" or "No."

The witness protested that because of the manner in which the question had been put to him by the attorney that he could not answer it intelligently with a "Yes," or "No."

"There is no question but can be answered intelligently by 'Yes' or 'No,'" said the attorney.

"I can ask you one question that you cannot answer intelligently with either 'Yes' or 'No,'" said the witness.

"Put your question," said the attorney.

"Have you stopped beating your wife yet?" asked the witness.

He Got Flustered.

The newly returned African explorer found himself in a horribly light corner at the first social function he attended. A scraggy-necked damsel of very uncertain age bore down upon him effusively.

"Well, this is a pleasure, Mr. Bigmor. Charmed to see you again, I am sure. You remember me, of course?"

"Oh—er—yes, of course," returned the traveler, wrestling with his memory. "Delighted to see you again. All the youngsters quite well now?"

"Youngsters?" gasped the antique one.

"Er—of course; how is your family? I meant to say—your husband, for instance?"

"My—dear me—I never had a husband."

"Ha! Ha! No, no, of course not; only a joke on my part, you know," stammered the agitated explorer. "I—I was referring to your brother. I'm sure you love him just as much as if he were your husband."

"But I never had a brother, either."

"Er—um—course not, you know—merely a little pleasantry of mine—ha! ha! I—er—meant to ask you how is your—your—um—ere—your—by the way, did you ever have a mother?"

He Had to Go.

A certain gentleman who had acquired riches rather quickly, purchased an estate on the banks of the River Clyde, which adjoins those of Lord Blantyre and Sir Charles Bine-Renshaw. Strolling through his place one day he chanced to go too far and was accosted by a burly Scotch gamekeeper, who, in language more forcible than polite, ordered him off the grounds. Remonstrance only produced more "langwidge" from the burly one. "Sir," said the pompous one, "do you know who I am? I am the Faulds of Ardgeriff!" "I don't care if you are the Falls of Niagara," said the gamekeeper, "ye're goon out o' this."

WANT ADS

Want and Classified Advertising not less than 14 words accepted for insertion in the Ledger and Blade at 25 cents per word.

HELP WANTED

WANTED—RailwayMailClerks. Average $90.00 month. Rapid advancement. Every second week off duty with full pay. Short hours; no "layoffs"; work very interesting, as you travel continually on free pass. Examinations everywhere May 4th. Common education sufficient, "Pull" unnecessary; farmers stand excellent chance. Write for free sample questions and schedule showing examination places. Franklin Institute, Dept. T-31, Rochester, New York.

GOVERMENT Farmers Wnnted. Examination April 10; $60 monthly; many needed. Write Ozment, 68F, St. Louis.

$2.50 PER DAY paid man or woman. In each town to distribute free circulars and take orders for concentrated flavoring in tubes. J. S. Ziegler Co., 475 Plymouth Street, Chicago.

WANTED—Railway Mail Clerks. Examination May 4; $1,200 yearly; write for free trial lesson to-day. Ozment, K, St. Louis.

$25 WEEKLY job guaranteed men who learn Automobile Business. We teach you at home. Rochester Auto School, 872, Rochester, N. Y.

WE TRAIN DETECTIVES. Be one. Splendid opportunities. travel. Earn $150 monthly. This fascinating profession taught by mail, low cost. American School of Criminology, Dept. L, Detroit, Michigan.

WANTED—Active man in each locality. To join this Society. And introduce our Memberships. Sick, accident, death benefits. All or spare time. Make $50 to $500 a month. Write. Box LH-293, Covington, Ky.

KENTUCKY Distillery wants local representatives, exclusive or side line, to solicit the saloon and drug trade for Kentucky Whiskey, adopted by Government. Woodland Co., Dept. 79, Covington, Kentucky.

FREE Illustrated Book tells about over 360,000 protected positions in U. S. service. More than 40,000 vacancies every year. There is a big chance here for you, sure and generous pay, lifetime employment. Easy to get. Just ask for booklet A-1084. No obligation. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

GOVERMENT Matrons Wanted. Examinations March 13, splendid position, many needed. Write Ozment, 68-M, St. Louis.

BE A TRAINED NURSE. Earn $25 weekly. We Train you at home. Free Catalogue; Rochester Nurses Institute, 872, Rochester, New York.

AGENTS WANTED

BUTTER Bills cut nearly half. Wonderful machine makes two pounds from one pound of butter and one pint of milk in two minutes. Progressive agent's opportunity. 153⅓% profit. American Supply Co., 412 Portland Block, Chicago.

AGENTS' New Century (Home) Broom. Write for facts quick. Make $4.00 for ½ day's work. Just investigate. Sample free to workers. Hilker Mop Co., 1492 Grand Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

SEND 25c for pair of Handy Horseblanket Holders which prevent blanket being blown off. Agents wanted. Rosborough, DA., Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y.

AGENTS on salary or commission. The greatest agent's seller ever produced; every user of pen and ink buys it on sight; 200 to 500 per cent profit; one agent's sales amounted to $620 in six days; another $32 in two hours. Monroe Mfg. Co., X-96, La Crosse, Wisconsin.

DRY Goods Remnants supplied to agents and storekeepers, bargains only. Remnant Store, Cincinnati, O.

$40.00 WEEKLY selling our Trees and Plants. Outfit Free. Pennurco, Girard, Pennsylvania.

AGENTS, Canvassers, Street Men. We are the Manufacturers and Patentees of the quickest selling 25c articles out; write for particulars; sample by mail 15c. Hawley Mfg. Co., 601 Main Street, Stepney, Conn.

AGENTS Wanted—Article sells at sight. Two to six in every home. 100 per cent profit. Barchell Distributing Co., Box 57, Lima, Ohio.

FARMS FOR SALE

HOME FOR SALE—Beach front—for information apply Jos. Basque, Biloxi, Mississippi.

FRUIT LANDS—Beautiful Kootenay Valley, B. C., 88 acres, subdivided into 2 4-acre tracts, 11 of 5 acres and one of 25 acres. The 25-acre tract is improved, has dwelling, stable, ice-house, etc. All for a limited time at the low price of $6,000. Adjoining land held at $200 per acre. Will cost you nothing to write and investigate. Owner forced to realize thereon. ¼ cash, balance easy terms. Only six hours from Spokane, Wash. Pure water, ideal climate and very low taxes. Address D. B. Dalmage, Morgan Park, Illinois.

FOR SALE—10½ acres orchard farm, 500 Alberta peach trees bearing this year; located ½ mile from Netches, Texas. Cash bargain. Charles F. Funk, 27 West Illinois St., Chicago.

MISCELLANEOUS

24 Varieties Cuban Stamps 10 cents. List of 6,000 low-priced stamps free. Chambers Stamp Co., 111 B. Nassau Street, New York City.

BARGAIN—Three fine neckties $1. Gold-plated Pin free. Ties and pin retail at $2.50. This offer is for short time only. Send $1 at once. Money refunded by return mail if not satisfied. Name colors desired. W. C. Watkins, Parnassus, Pa.

$7.75 Paid for rare date 1853 quarters; $20 for a $½. Keep all money dated before 1880, and send 10c at once for new illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x7. It may mean your fortune. C. F. Clarke Co., Box 70, LeRoy, N.Y.

MUSICAL

STRADIVARIUS VIOLIN for sale cheap. Excellent sweet toned. Sent on trial. Miss Bertha Mardisee, Route 5, Rosedale, Kansas.

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DRINK HABIT—Guaranteed home treatment—three days—lifelong result. The only reliable. Book mailed free. Edw. J. Woods, 534 Sixth Avenue, M 356, New York, N. Y.

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MARRIAGE PAPER free; best published for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency 55, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

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MARRIAGE PAPER—Highest Character; Incorporated; 16th year; 8,000 members; paper sealed; send 10c. B. W. Love, Box 1600, Denver, Colorado.

MARRY—Best plan on earth, sent free photo of every lady member. The Pilot, Desk A, Marshall, Mich.

MARRY—Catalogue with hundreds of photos and descriptions free. Pay if suited. Select Club, Desk A, Tekonsha, Michigan.

MARRY RICH—Matrimonial paper of highest character, containing hundreds of photos and descriptions of marriageable people with means; mailed free; sealed; either sex. Write. One may be your ideal. Standard Cor. Club, Box 607, Grays Lake, Illinois.

LOST PERSONS

HEIRS Wanted at once. 50 000 estates seeking claimants. You may be one. Facts in booklet BL. Send 2c stamp. International Claim Agency, Pittsburgh, Pa.

DR. T. T. LYON, 50 or 60. May be in Georgia or Tennessee. Very stout. Practised in F. [illegible] Co., Ga., 34 years ago. Address, H. E. Dillard, Sylva, N. C.

The Blood-Stained Glove

(Continued from page eight.)

If the lady surrenders immediately on hearing that her vow of silence is no longer binding, it will prove that she, at least, is innocent, and kept silence for patriotic motives."

Enderby saw the point and was strongly in favor of the move. Madge refused to decide anything without consulting Kate, but said she was perfectly certain that the latter would never allow the police to arrest her in the Whites' house

"No, quite unnecessary," said Waite. "Bring her here, and I will telephone to police headquarters. It will mean a night in custody for her, but she will be made as comfortable as possible, as she is not convicted of any offense. Another taxicab was called, and took Madge and Enderby to the top of the street in which Kate was living. The driver was to wait and the two visitors went in search of the fugitive.

A knock at the door brought Mary White, who heard that a friend of Miss Hohenberg wished to speak to her. When at length they stood in the little sitting-room Brian could see for himself that Kate's struggle with poverty had been no make believe but a reality.

"My dear Kate, why did you not trust me?" he said.

"Did you always trust me, Brian?" was the answer, and his conscience reproached him.

"Did you bring in a paper?" asked Kate.

"No, we forgot it. But you will be interested in this telegram, which has come from an officer who greatly distinguished himself last night—Frank Dalrymple."

Kate's fingers trembled as she unfolded the telegram, and for a moment she could see nothing but the first word. "Safe." When she had mastered the contents a sigh of relief escaped her lips

"You see, you can now speak out with safety," said Brian. "You were hiding here for fear of betraying your country."

"Yes; I knew that Frank had taken the stolen papers and left others in their place. He told me I must not speak a word, and I did not."

"No, you were loyalty itself. It must have been a terrible time for you. I can see in your face that you have suffered much. Tell me all you know of that night's work"

Kate did as he asked her, and he then gave her Waite's advice, backing it up by earnest persuasion.

"It is only one more trial for you to face," he said, "and one which I honestly believe to be necessary and right. You will be detained for one nigh, that is all; then every one will understand the part you played. Will you make up your mind to do this and come with us to Waite's office?"

"Oh, yes; I do not mind in the least now! I was only afraid of being worn down by questions, and saying something for which I could have bitten out my tongue. But I do not want to shock the Whites. Do you think they need know?"

"Certainly not. They may find out later, when all the country knows what it owes you; but meanwhile, they need only hear that I, your cousin, have taken you away. You might as well put some of your belongings together, for you will want them, tonight.'

"I will do that,' said Madge, "while you say good-by."

Kate went downstairs at once, and entered the Whites' sewingroom

"Mrs. White, I think the chance we spoke of has really come to pass, and that I may find myself fairly well off once more. My cousin has come to fetch me, and I want to give up my room.'

"I never was more glad and more sorry at once," said Mrs. White. "We shall miss you something cruel. but if ever a young lady deserved luck it is you. And a grand-looking lady and gentleman to fetch you, too! We shall be hearing of a marriage next, perhaps."

"I think you will. My cousin is engaged to Miss Wilmington," said Kate, with a smile.

"Never you mind, miss, your turn will come one of these days. Not that marriage always means much luck, but still, we've got to take the lean with the fat, so to speak."

"You are not exactly encouraging," said Kate. "I think I will wait a little while myself. But before I go I must settle up with you, and I want my own way about that, for it has been everything to me to have had such a safe refuge in the time of my distress. I want to pay off all the hire of the furniture, so that it will be you own, and that you need not fear losing it. I have not got quite enough money with me just now, but I will bring or send it. But the money will be spent and forgotten. I do not want to go away and leave no trace in your lives. Will you not keep my clock in memory of the lodger to whom you were so kind?"

The Whites were almost in tears; they were genuinely devoted to "Miss Hohenberg," and felt that never again would fate send such a desirable tenant to their house. In the end Kate had her way, and her silver clock, with its delicately enameled face, became the most cherished possession of Mrs. White

Kate then turned her back upon her humble quarters, and, accompanied by Madge, with Brian burdened with her belongings, got into a waiting taxicab and was taken to the lawyer's office.

At Mr. Waite's she consented to allow the police to be sent for; they came and rather reluctantly arrested the woman for whom they had so long sought in vain. She was taken to the police station for the night, Enderby being given permission to send her in any things she liked, and to make any provision she required for her comfort during the night

The inspector who had at first interviewed her was at the station, as was the detective. The two men, who had held very different opinions on the subject of her guilt, looked at each other; the former was puzzled, the latter triumphant.

"What do you make of this?" asked the inspector.

"I will tell you tomorrow," said the detective.

"Why not tonight?"

'Because I have a little call to make this evening, which will, I am sure, teach me a thing or two that I want to know, Just a little call on an invalid at the hospital."

This dramatic story will be concluded in the next issue of the Ledger. Read it. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you if you send in a year's subscription. It only costs $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

* * *

Why Women Live Long.

Not because women naturally "want to have the last word," but because they require less oxygen than men and so can stand more heat and a more rarefied air; because they suffer less from anesthetics and are also more likely to survive hanging; because rigidity of the thorax and hardening of the arteries begin earlier in man than in women; because they have more power to endure suffering and resist disease, and because, in general, women are "physiological misers," while men are "physiological spendthrifts," are the main reasons given by Dr. A. H. Stewart in the Medical Record why there are more female than male centenarians, the Boston Globe observes.

The weaker sex is the more tenacious of life. There were about 4,000 persons over 100 years of age in this country, as reported by the census of 1890—about 2,600 women and 1,400 men. Statistics of other countries show about the same ratio.

In every community there seem to be more widows than widowers, and perhaps an explanation of this phenomenon may be found in the more pronounced tendency to longevity among women than among men. Another point, which the learned physician does not discuss, is the question whether woman's industrial and economic efficiency is prolonged to a later period in life than man's

* * *

Not Practical.

"Why don't you try to write your name on the scroll of fame?"

My friend," said the severely practical person, very earnestly. "I have never yet seen anybody tearing leaflets out of the scroll of fame and getting them cashed at the bank."

MENS COMPLETE OUTFIT
FINE NAVY BLUE WOOL SERGE SUIT $4.95
SWELL STRIPED WORSTED TROUSERS AND DANDY SAFETY RAZOR

Safety Razor FREE

Until they're gone we will sell 15000 year around weight navy BLUE WOOL SERGE MEN'S SUITS at $4.95, and as a premium and adv. we will give FREE with each suit at $4.95 a pair of *fine fancy stripe worsted trousers*, and if you order within 30 days we will throw in as a special premium with the suit and extra trousers at $4.95 a highly nickeled, full-size *safety razor*, guaranteed to shave as perfectly as any $5.00 safety razor, regardless of name or make.

The Suit is Day's finest grade navy blue wool serge, a splendid fast color fabric of perfect weave and beautiful changeless finish. It is stylishly made up by expert tailors in latest single breasted sack style to fit perfect, is serge lined, elegantly finished, guaranteed better than exclusive clothiers $8 to $10 suits or no sale. Sizes 32 to 42 in. around breast.

The Free Trousers which we give with the suit at $4.95 are made of beautiful dark, fancy striped worsted, are very stylish, finely tailored and perfect fitting. This is the most astonishing and wonderful clothing offer ever made. We openly challenge any firm to equal it.

Send $1.00 deposit, mention No. X 41, give chest measure over vest, waist measure over trousers, length of inseam and height and weight, and we will send the fine navy blue wool serge suit and extra pair of elegant fancy striped worsted trousers and fine safety razor by express, subject to examination at the express office, you to pay the balance $3.95 and express charges, after you examine the clothes and find them perfectly satisfactory, a perfect fit, the greatest clothing bargain you ever saw, and equal to any suit and extra trousers you ever saw at $10 to $12, and as stylish an outfit as there is in your neighborhood, regardless of price otherwise we will promptly refund your $1.00. Order the outfit today or send for our big cloth sample book (BE SURE and ASK FOR BOOK No. 27) which contains 100 fine cloth samples of ready-made suits at $4.85 up, trousers 95c up, overcoats $4.98 up, slip-on raincoats $4.60, cravenettes $5.00, and complete stocks of cold weather clothing, such as fur coats, duck, corduroy and sheepskin clothing, sheep lined coats and all kinds of men's and youths' clothing. Order the outfit or write for the sample book No. 27 today. Don't now If you need **Men's Furnishing Goods** send for our FREE CATALOG OF MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS. Fleece lined underwear 89c, ribbed heavy underwear 39c, sweaters 98c; wholesale price for hats, caps, gloves, shirts and every kind of apparel for men and boys.

The Free Safety Razor We give with each suit an extra trouser outfit at $4.95 a full size highly nickeled, complete with blade of finest razor steel perfectly ground, honed and stropped, guaranteed to shave as clean, cool and comfortable as any $5.00 safety razor or your money back immediately. Order today.

JOHN M. SMYTH MDSE CO. 150-207 W. Madison St. Chicago

Take This Go Cart For 50c

Just 50 cents—that is all—and we will ship you this handsome go cart. Only 50c down—and then 75c per month—$9.45 in all. This is only *one* of our very special bargains.

Credit to All

We don't care who you are or where you live—we offer you credit. We invite you to open an account with us. It will be a pleasure for us to assist you.

Easy Payments Remember—all we ask is a very small payment down and the rest on easy terms. Soon you have furnished your home handsomely with the best quality of furniture—and you have never noticed the payments. The same ultra-liberal terms and bargains on ladies' and men's clothing.

This collapsible go cart, full size, Chase leather hood and body in maroon, green or tan, with half-inch rubber tires—practically indestructible. The storm shield can be rolled up and fastened to top of hood. Truly—this is a go cart that you could not secure from a regular retail dealer for any less than $15.00. Our price is 50 cents down—and then 75 cents per month—$9.45 in all. No. A58/4.

You Send Us Only 50c And We Ship You This Superb Rocker A magnificent piece of furniture in American quarter-sawed oak finish, profusely carved; upholstered in best grade Boston leather. Diamond tufted. Only 50c down and then 50c a month. Price $3.95. **No. A1264.**

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Gentlemen—Please send me *free* and prepaid, your big bargain list, also the catalogs which I have marked with an X. There are no obligations on me whatever.

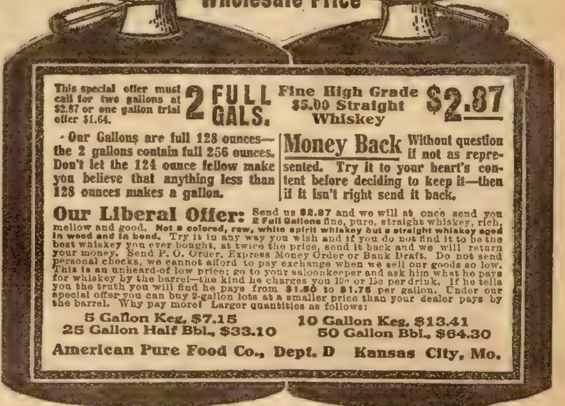
☐ Men's Clothing ☐ Ladies' Clothing
☐ Stoves and Ranges ☐ General House Furnishings

My name is ....

My address is ....

202

Should you want either of the articles above order by number and send first payment



2 Full Gallons Straight Whiskey $2.87 Less Than Wholesale Price

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Our Gallons are full 128 ounces—the 2 gallons contain full 256 ounces. Don't let the 124 ounce fellow make you believe that anything less than 128 ounces makes a gallon.

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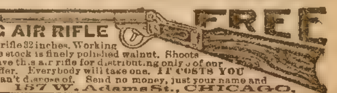

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BOYS'
AND
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CORNER

Hunting a Firebug;

Or, CHASING A LOST WILL

By J. M. MERRILL

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Begun in No. 2, Jan. 13. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XIV.

BILLY ON GUARD

THE paper caught the flame and was quickly consumed. Then Mrs. Trodden turned and faced the lawyer with a triumphant smile. He returned her smile with a low chuckle—a fact that rather surprised her "There goes your will, Mr. Sneak," she jeered.

"I'm not a fool, Olivia Trodden," said he. "At any rate, not green enough to place temptation in your way—that was a pack of worthless papers."

"And not the will?"

"And not the will, madam."

She refused to be frightened.

"If you had a will, which I doubt, it is gone up in smoke. Do your worst, Lawyer Sneak. Again there is the door Have the goodness to go."

"I shall go when I get good and ready," was his smiling rejoinder. He seemed to have suddenly resolved to treat their differences with pleasantry rather than in anger. "I came here hoping to find you amenable to argument. Instead, you are sneering, doubting, and disrespectful. I might show you the will, thus proving to you beyond doubt that I am in possession of that document, but your treatment of my well-meant offers proves that the only thing you deserve is the loss of the whole million you wrongfully hold intsead of a paltry one-tenth part. I go to begin suit in open court."

At the door she halted him with: "You have no will to show. Besides, the boy Moses is dead."

A new idea entered his head suggested by her words

"Good idea for you to hold, madam," jeered he. "The boy, however, is very much alive, and will be in evidence in good time. I have given you a chance to settle this business at small sacrifice to yourself. You shall lose the whole fortune now."

"It is very kind of you," she sneered, "to take it upon yourself to settle it this way. Who authorized you to do this?"

Her black eyes flashed a misty defiance with the spoken words.

"The boy himself."

"Smart boy!" again sneering, "to agree with a crafty lawyer to compound a felony. He'd be a fool to do that, and the lawyer capable of it a bigger one to throw aside a million and accept a tenth. No, Mr. Sneak, you have overshot your mark this time. You may go, but believe me, dear sir, I expect no suit at law."

Her black eyes snapped a cunning defiance, while the red lips fell apart sufficiently to reveal her gleaming teeth. He had caught a tartar, and he began now to realize it.

"Pshaw, Mrs. Trodden," he said, forcing a laugh, "this flip of words may as well cease. We are both of us old enough in sin to know it'll amount to no good. I shall certainly start suit unless you come to my terms——"

"I dare you to do it, villain!"

"What, you dare me?"

"You heard me," tossing her head defiantly

"All right! I take your dare. Inside of six months you will be either turned into the street penniless, or find yourself occupying a cell in the State prison. I am sorry to treat a woman thus, but ——"

"I dare you to the test, Mr. Sneak. While you are doing all these direful things, I shall not be mute. I am not a coward. When a sleek lawyer agrees to compound a felony for cash, he is not apt to go scot free before the honorable court. Look to yourself, man, look to yourself!"

For an instant the man seemed disconcerted, if not worried. Then of a sudden a relieved look swept his face. He turned to the woman, smoothing his knee with a bony white hand

"All nonsense, madam! I have the whiprow on you. Even if you should be foolish enough to combat this thing, attempting to connect me with criminal intent, your unsupported word would not go far."

This was true and the woman winced.

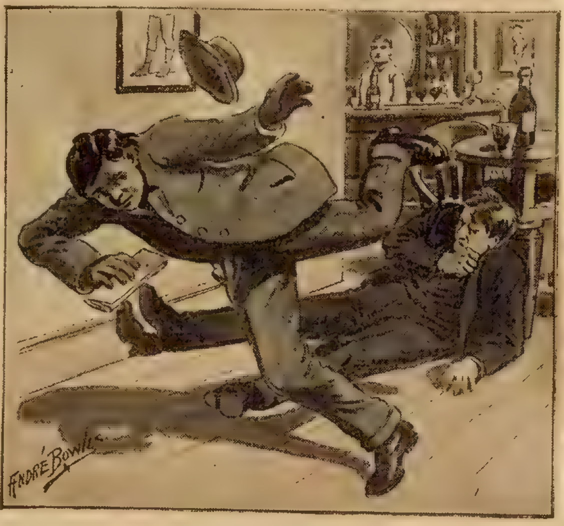
"You are admitting, then, that your intent is criminal," she said sharply.

"Take it as you like between us in privacy," he sneered. "Truth is, I have the will, as I stated. I am not so sure as to the heir."

"You cannot be, since he is dead."

"What makes you think so?"

"I know so."



Joe made for the door.

"Ah, then you——"

"Had nothing to do with his taking off, Mr. Sneak. Moses Bunker died in infancy."

"Then I am representing an impostor?"

"Precisely that, sir."

He frowned and bit his lip. This interview was not panning out many golden grains. He himself had grave doubts about the identity of the boy who had represented himself as the heir to Trodden Place and its accompanying million.

"I am afraid this is proving unprofitable talk, Mrs. Trodden," he said, at length. "I shall take measures at once to prove my client's claims. You will understand that there can be no compromise after next Monday."

With that he went out, banging the door after him.

The obsequious Billy trotted down the hall at his side, holding out a fat hand for a tip at the swing of the outside door

"Take it, you little shrimp!" exclaimed the lawyer, dropping a dollar into the lad's palm.

"Good enough," chuckled the fat boy. "I'll get to be a bloated baron 'fore I am through with this."

Pocketing his tip, Billy slowly went back to my lady's parlor and placed a willing eye to the keyhole. There, near the center of the room, sat the mistress, with bowed head and very dejected appearance.

'Sure, the lady is in deep trouble,' muttered the boy, who had been a careful listener to all that had passed in the room beyond the closed door. Unlike his chum Till, Billy had none of the nicer feelings of gentility which become a boy of good breeding and gentlemanly instincts.

After some hesitancy the fat boy rapped on the door. The troubled woman did not seem to hear the sound. After repeated rappings, he boldly opened the door and advanced into the room.

"Mrs. Trodden."

The woman started, then, lifting her head, a weird, tearless misery in her solemn black eyes.

"It's only me," said Billy. "What did the man Sneak want? Somethin' not nice, I'll bet a dollar?"

"Nothing that interests you, Billy."

"Mebbe it does now. About Till wasn't it, Mrs. Trodden?"

The speaker's honest face shone with an earnest desire to help.

"Yes. I have bad news of Till. He has disappeared."

"Oh, cert. I knew that."

"He knew you, Billy?"

"What, Till know me, marm! Well, I should remark a couple of times, if not more. Till and I are chums, Mrs. Trodden."

"The idea!"

"Oh, yes. Till chummed with all kinds of low trash like me and Abe Flight and such cattle. Nice boy, Till, though, marm. He wasn't stuck up a bit because he lived here——"

"That will do. You may go now, Billy. I will call you when I need you."

The boy waltzed to the door, where he turned, saying: "Abe Flight said something about Till."

"You know Flight, too, do you, Billy?" The woman riveted her gaze on the round face of her boy factotum, a half smile curling her lips.

"Yes, me'n Till got to know him a spell ago when we was a-hunting down the firebug. Flight's got a nice girl named Neva, and she was carried off by the big boy tramp named Moses Bunker, the feller that stole some valuable papers from old man Flight. At any rate the man said there was a will stole, and some other things——"

"A will?"

Olivia began to show interest in the chatter of her chore-boy.

'Yes, some grandad's will that got a

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miscue and went into cold storage in time to cheat a poor boy out of his rights. I know old Abe'd gin a lot of plunks to git his fingers on the papers again"

"Indeed! You interest me, Billy. Come here and tell me what you know about tnis, about Till. Maybe you know what has become of my dear boy?"

"Mebbe I do, marm," accepting a chair at Olivia's side with a grin. "I reckon the firebug went to that man Sneak with his papers."

"And the firebug is——"

"Moses Bunker, marm."

"Why do you think that?"

"He said he was missing Mose, and I reckon he ought to know his own name."

Olivia sat silent. Billy watched her furtively. He felt that he was on guard in the interests of his chum, and he meant to be faithful to his trust.

A light seemed to be dawning on the brain of the woman schemer. Abe Flight had lost papers; another had found them; that other had gone to Lawyer Sneakum, and thus had been hatched a plot to dispossess her of the big property of which she had been in undisputed possession for a term of years. Olivia was not the one to give up the struggle without a fight.

"There may have been a will," she aspirated between her teeth, "but even if there was and is, Moses being dead, I am still rightful heir, and I'll hold on

---

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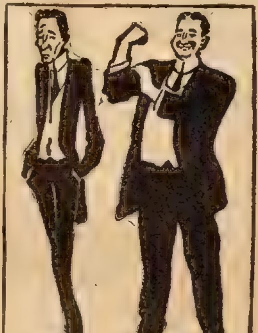

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to my possessions against all comers."

"What's that, marm?"

Billy pricked up his ears at her mutterings. She had quite forgotten his presence for the moment. She started and glanced sharply into the eyes of the speaker.

"So you were my Till's chum, eh?" she suddenly demanded.

"Yes, marm, I was—I am," drawled Billy.

"And you and he went in search of the notorious firebug?"

"That's the correct thing, marm," assented the boy.

"You say he called himself Moses?"

"That's square, marm—Moses Bunker."

"And my Till? Where did you leave him?"

"Why, marm, you see, I'm afraid something happened to Till. I got shut of him up at an old log tavern in the woods, and hain't seen him sence."

"How long since?"

"Jest a few days."

"Till will never come back," sighed the woman, "and he was the light of my life. I shall miss him dreadfully."

"I am so sorry, marm," and Billy sniffled.

"Never mind, Billy. You may go now."

Thus dismissed the round chunk of humanity rolled out of the room.

When Billy went down to the lawn a boy peered over the hedge at him. It proved to be Joe Hugshaw. The two boys met and held a hurried consultation. They were soon quite sure that each had unearthed a very large-sized colored gentleman.

"Keep right on, Billy," said his chum as they separated. "You are doing well, and your reward shan't be small. I'll watch Sneakam and his client, while you watch —"

"I'll watch 'em all," chuckled Billy.

Joe walked hurriedly along toward the center of the town, thinking deeply over the wonderful events of the past two weeks. He believed he was on the eve of making some wonderful discoveries. While his head was bowed in thought, a sweet, low voice startled him with the question:

"Beg pardon, sir, but can you tell me where Moses Bunker lives?"

CHAPTER XV.

MUCH ADO ABOUT A WILL.

Joe, alias Till, started violently as he found himself staring into the pale and anxious face of Neva Flight.

"Why, yes, I can tell you, but——"

"I have something for him."

"I can't guide you to his house," suddenly blurted the boy, thinking of the firebug. "He's a scalawag and has no [illegible] place. Don't you remember, it was he who set fire to your daddy's house?"

"Ah, yes, but not the one I mean," sighed the girl, with a melancholy smile. "That one is an impostor. The one I seek lives somewhere in this city."

The speaker had not recognized in the half-breed the boy Till, who had visited her home in the woods. For this Till was glad, although he came very near betraying himself. He resolved to continue unknown for the time at lesat.

"How do you know this?" he asked.

"From something the impostor let drop while I was his prisoner."

"Your name is Neva Flight, isn't it, miss?"

"Do you know Till Trodden and Billy Gabbs?"

"Two boys with those names once called at our house.."

"Yes, I heard they did. I know them both. Now, how did you escape when this false Moses burned down your house—he did that I reckon?"

"Yes, he did that," admitted the girl.

Joe Hugshaw walked along beside the girl, very much delighted that she had escaped the dangers of the big woods with her life.

"I've been searching for Daddy," said she. "He must feel awful bad not to know where his little girl is."

"And I want you to help me find him. You are a friend to Till and Billy?"

She glanced up into his face with a wistful questioning. She seemed so white and changed since their meeting in the woods that his boy's heart went out to her at once. Our boy hero resolved to see that Neva was cared for in the future, and that no measly firebug should again menace her life.

Joe (we will continue to call him that) had found out some things regarding Neva's father which led him to distrust and dislike the man. The mystery of the stolen will was against the character of Flight. Billy had told him some things, too, that painted the picture still darker. One look into the deep, dark eyes of the girl, however, convinced the boy that she was the soul of honor, no matter what might be the character of her father.

"I am a friend to both the boys," glowed Joe, "and your friend as well. So you have lost your father, Miss Flight?"

"He lost me. I was alone at home, while Daddy hunted for the wicked firebug who tried his best to burn us out of house and home. He made out to do it, too, at the last."

"I thought likely. We had a big time with that scamp in the woods. Se surely pretends to be Moses Bunker, and yet I reckon, as you do, that he's a rank impostor."

"He stole Daddy's papers. He is a bad, bad boy, a tramp with wicked heart and wild eyes. He came to our hose after Daddy and the two good, kind boys —Billy and Till, you know—left, came and frightened me nearly to death."

"The scamp!" grated Joe.

"He threatened to kill me unless I let him ransack the house."

"You let him do that?"

"I couldn't help myself when he pointed a gun at my heart."

"No, of course you couldn't."

"He went through the house, took some more papers and some money, then set fire to the building and went back to the woods, driving me before him."

"Go, on," urged Joe, who had wondered how the girl had escaped.

"No, I guess I won't. You can't care what happened to me, a stranger," and the girl sighed deeply.

"You bet I do care, Neva," uttered Joe, warmly. "I'm going to help you find your father, going to help punish this thieving tramp, and unravel the mystery that surrounds him—and your father."

"Oh, is there a mystery?"

Her dark eyes again sought his face in eager questioning.

"You bet there is. Moses, the tramp, isn't what he pretends to be. The real Moses must be found."

"Oh, I hope he may be!" breathed she, fervently.

"But tell me the rest."

"The rest?"

"Yes, of how you got shut of that scamp of a Bunker."

"Oh, there isn't much to that," said the girl, trying to laugh. "It was dark after we got beyond the burning house, and when near a log tavern in the woods, I slipped into a thicket, and he lost me—that is all."

"All?"

"Isn't it enough?"

"Not quite. You haven't accounted for your presence in the city, nor for the fact of your having something belonging to the real Moses Bunker," said Joe.

"Oh, that doesn't amount to much. I looked over the papers—the will I mean—and found his name there. Of course I know Daddy had the papers, and I might give them to him. That's really the reason I have said nothing about them to any one till today. I expected to find Daddy any time, when I would let him have the will. He would know what to do with it better than I. Since I haven't been able to find Daddy for so long, I got to looking over the papers, and saw that Moses Bunker was the one who really ought to have them, so I set out today to find him."

"Quite the right thing to do," assented Joe. "If you will trust 'em to me——"

"No, no, I can't do that you know."

"I don't see why you can't?"

"I would be quite a fool if I did," and Miss Flight drew herself up. "You are a stranger to me, and I have talked too much already."

She began to edge away from the boy with an alarmed look.

"Don't be afraid of me, Neva," said Joe, hastily. "I am your friend, and I might tell you a good deal about the boy you are in search of. I think I know the real Moses, the missing Moses, whose name is in Grantford Bunker's will."

"Do you?" again approaching. "Tell me about him."

"Not much to tell. I think I can locate the chap. Suppose you let me read the will; I promise to give it back."

"Oh, but I haven't got it with me."

"Are you telling the truth?"

"I always speak the truth."

"Good. What then have you done with the will?"

"That's my secret. Nobody shall get that from me but Moses himself, or——"

"Or who?"

"Daddy."

And that individual was the very last man who ought to have it, Joe thought, calling to mind what he had heard in the park. He had learned there, from what passed between Mrs. Trodden and the settler, that he was a crafty schemer whom to trust meant betrayal. Of all men he must never get his clutches on that document again.

To conciliate the girl so that she would trust him with the will was the great object the disguised Till had in view.

"You have hidden the will," he began; "a rather dangerous thing to do. Now if you want to see justice done, I can put you in a way to bring it about. I know so many folks, and I even think I know Moses Bunker himself."

"Oh, the firebug —"

"I do not mean that impostor."

"Who then?"

"The genuine Moses."

"All right. Where will I find him?"

"He was once at Trodden Place, but he has run away from there because of the fierce usage he got from both Troddens. May I go with you and see the will?"

"Why, yes, I think so."

The two walked on briskly after this. Both were thinking deeply—Joe of that interview he had overheard passing between his foster mother and the man Flight. Judging from that, both Flight and Mrs. Trodden now supposed him dead. He was himself the real Moses, and possibly rightful heir to Trodden Place and all adjacent property, mounting into millions. The prospect made the boy dizzy.

"I'll prove my claim," he thought, "and Miss Neva Flight shall have a nice nest egg from me to last her all her life." Yes, he would see the will and satisfy himself of its genuineness; then he would see a lawyer.

While such thoughts filled the brain of the disguised heir, the two debouched upon a broad avenue where many vehicles and autos whirled along.

"How far is it, Neva?" suddenly asked Joe.

"At least a mile farther, down near the river."

"Why did you hide the will, girl?"

"Because, as I told you, I didn't dare take it with me, for fear of being robbed."

"Did you leave it with anybody?"

"No; but I hid it in the house of an aunt, who has allowed me to stop with her till I find Daddy."

At this moment an auto whizzed almost upon the walk, halting close at hand. Beside the chauffeur was a single occupant, who proved to be Abraham Flight.

"Great Scott; it's Neva!"

The man was out of the vehicle and had Neva in his arms like a flash, kissing and caressing his child with all the happiness of one who had found a lost mother.

"Dear Daddy!"

"Neva, Neva!"

And Joe Hugshaw stood staring during the excited greetings of father and daughter. When it was over, and the settler led Neva toward the tonneau of the auto, the boy awoke to what was going on. He pressed forward to the side of the conveyance and appealed to the girl.

"Who is he?" demanded the man, turning a scowling face upon the halfbreed boy. "Somebody you picked up, eh? No, you can't go along. No room, and besides I won't be bothered with Injun trash."

"But, Daddy," pleaded the girl, "he seems such a nice boy ——"

"Go to with his niceness!" fumed the man. "I have no use for half-Indians. They'll all of them steal you blind!"

With that Flight lifted and placed his daughter in the tonneau, sprang in after, and gave orders to the chauffeur, who set the machine moving like the wind. Joe stood watching the party till it was whirled out of sight.

"Down by the river," he muttered. "I'll go down that way and see what I may discover. I'm afraid Neva will give the will back to her father. If she does, then good-by to its ever doing me any good. He will use it to wring money from my wicked Aunt Olivia. Gee! but things are getting dreadfully mixed."

Meantime the auto whirled its two passengers to the part of town where Abraham Flight's sister lived. A big smoke, water-drenched ruins—this was all that was left of the once pleasant home of the Rendows.

"Great Heavens!" ejaculated Flight, springing from the tonneau, gazing with ashen face at the ruins of his sister's home, "the house has gone up in smoke, and the will of Grantford Bunker with it!" Turning to Neva, he called huskily: "In what part of the building did you leave it, Neva?"

"That part that's all burned down, Daddy!" groaned the girl.

"That settles it then," moaned the white-faced man. "I am poorer by fifty thousand dollars than I was an hour ago!"

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The Island of Gold.

(Continued from page six.)

was plainly upon the ship, but she was perfectly calm.

"Thunder!" muttered John. "She's coming here!"

"She's a beauty!" muttered Robert, from which it seemed their thoughts were not exactly on one subject.

"Shoot me if she looks like an islander! Expose white girls to tropic suns for a season, and thew would be no whiter than she is."

By that time the navigator was but a few fathoms from the Fair Lady, and she raised her paddle and let the canoe drift. Then her voice rose clearly and melodiously:

"Ship ahoy!"

"Ahoy the canoe!" cried Captain Job, quickly. "What can we do for you, miss?"

"I have something to say to you, and I want to come on board."

"It shall be done. Paddle closer, and we'll have you up in a twinkling. Permit me to say we are friends."

"I trust white men," was the calm, brief reply, and she fell to work again.

"Well, I'll be keel-hauled," muttered the Captain. "Perfect English, and a white skin. What have we struck in this lonely Pacific Ocean? You men, you, see to it that you are as respectful while she's here as if we was in New York. Don't stare at her as if she was a lamb, and you were hungry!"

The girl came on fearlessly, and receiving gallant but polite help, she was soon on deck. She swept one glance from beam to beam, that seemed to take in everything, and then centered her gaze upon the skipper.

"Do you know," she asked, with simple directness, "that you are in danger?"

"In danger!" echoed the Captain. "I don't see a squall comin'——"

A quick smile passed over her face after which she became more serious than ever.

"A squall is coming, and it's a black squall!" she declared, in her former manner. "It is Arrowpack!"

"Arrowpack!" echoed Wood, bewildered.

"Yes. He will attack you tonight."

"And who is Arrowpack?"

"Oh, you must be strangers in these waters. He is a native pirate, a very bad man, and more ships than one have fallen victim to him. His home is on Watihoe Island, and he has many men under him almost as bad as he. He is now but half a mile away, and he knows you are becalmed here. Have you not seen a red canoe with a yellow stripe under its gunwale?"

"Say!" cried Robert, "that's the chap we saw off our beam in a fight, just a little while ago—the same fellow who massacred that smaller party."

The girl shifted her gaze to the speaker, and Robert saw that all her good looks were not what he had observed at a distance. Great, fine eyes flashed a glance at him which made a sudden commotion near his left shoulder.

"The very same!" she agreed. "The freebooter fell upon a small party of harmless natives and slew them all, I fear. If you saw it, you know something of his way, but not all I say again that he is a pirate. Yes, and he will attack this ship tonight!"

"Then he will get confoundedly licked!" cried Captain Job. "One canoe full of natives will be only a bite for us."

"One!" she exclaimed. "Don't think that is all. I don't know how many he has, but there may be a dozen at his call. If you value your lives, don't think lightly of this—nobody who knows Arrowpack does that!"

Robert stepped forward with a readiness that was something more than hospitality. He was a modest man, but he was now reluctant to linger in the background; he wanted another flash from those dusky eyes

"As charterer of this ship," he said, removing his hat, "let me thank you most cordially for your warning. We did not look for danger here, and should probably have been so taken by surprise as to offer easy victory for the pirate. Thank you most heartily."

"I am glad to have warned you, sir."

She said it frankly, yet easily, and she smiled a charming smile, yet there was something suggestive of a gulf in her manner. She was friendly, but she held herself with dignity not to be misunderstood. There was not a man within sound of her voice who would then have ventured a flippant remark. Clearly, she respected herself and demanded respect from others. Thus Robert was all the more pleased to have received her smile—it was not cheap

"That is all!" she added, quickly. "Now I will go."

"One minute, miss," exclaimed Captain Wood. "If them pirates are near, be you safe in goin' away?"

"Perfectly safe!" she replied. "I am with friends, and we need have no fear."

"Do you live near here?"

"No, fifty miles away or so. We have been on a journey, and shall return at nightfall. Have no fear for us. But, sirs, for yourselves—see to it that Arrowpack does not kill you before morning!"

She stepped to the bulwark and was ready to go. The Captain was puzzled.

"If you will explain more——"

"There is no more to explain. I have told all I know. Now I will go. If we are friends, good-by!"

She seemed to have resented the call for more information, and the Captain lacked the courage to press the point. He was not surprised to find peculiarities in a Pacific Ocean dweller, and he was man enough to respect them. If she had no more to say, why, she should go as she wished.

She was quickly in her canoe, and no sooner there than her paddle was again cutting the water. Heading straight for the point of land from which she had originally come, she pursued her way until that cover was reached, after which she disappeared. Not until then was a word spoken on the deck, but the skipper suddenly fell to scratching his head.

"I was a bit rebuffed!" he commented. "Kinder cut off short. But what on't? She did her Samaritan act, an' that's all we need think about. But say, lads, if that gal is'nt all American or English, I'm a liar. What the dickens is she doin' in this sea?"

"Pretty as a picture!" muttered Mr. Pond, absently.

"Why didn't all her party come along? But why need we care? She has put off, and we shall never see her again."

It was odd, but Robert felt a sudden depression of spirits. He wished he had learned just where lay that island, fifty miles away, to which she had referred.

Captain Job took a turn along the weather rail, and then again paused near his chief officer.

"Mr. Pond," he pursued, "see that the arms-chest is opened and the weapons looked over. I feel it in my bones that we shall hear from Arrowpack before mornin', an' we will show him a style equal to his. We don't want no pirates here, nor to be butchered. Out with the weapons, and see that all are loaded."

"The calm holds, Captain," said Robert.

"Fact, lad! We are here to stay. We can't run away, so we must meet what comes. Darkness will soon be upon us, and then the attack will come. We will be ready!"

The deck immediately became a scene of activity. By the time that preparations were made darkness was falling. And the attack would come in that darkness.

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COULD NOT QUIT SMOKING BEFORE.
Mr. William Bearden, R.F.D. 4, Vilonia, Ark., writes: "For years I was addicted to smoking and knew I ought to quit it, but I could not do it until I got your C Set of Remedies. Anyone that smokes knows what the craving for tobacco is, but I have no desire at all."

THINKS REMEDY A WONDER.
Mr. J. Le Babb, Ctr. Barnstead, N.H., writes: "Your Treatment for the tobacco habit is a wonder. In my case it has been a complete success and I wish every tobacco user would try it. It is good to feel that one does not care for the nasty stuff any more."

DOES NOT WANT HIS PIPE.
Mr. D. S. Bishop, W. Peabody, Mass., writes: "On the day I began taking your C Treatment, I filled my pipe and tried to smoke. It did not taste good and I did not crave for the tobacco either. After supper, the second day, I tried it again but after three puffs I [illegible]. On the third day I did not put the pipe in my mouth. I have no craving whatever for tobacco any more."

MONEY WELL SPENT.
Mr. J. A. Perry, [illegible], writes: "I did not write to you before, because I wished to see if the effects of your C Remedies were lasting. I am now proud to say the five dollars I paid for your treatment were the best I ever spent. It is many months now since I took your Treatment, and I have no desire for tobacco. I have tried to chew, but it tasted worse than the first chew. I am better in every particular and weigh ten pounds more than before."

HE WAS A CIGARETTE FIEND.
Mr. Fritz A. Garrett, Box 2, Zona, La., writes: "I have been smoking cigarettes for several years. I can realize now that I have done the right thing in taking your treatment as I had become a cigarette fiend, but I never think of using them at all now. My nerves are steadier and my complexion is better; it does not have that yellow tint any more."

HE SMOKED FOR 24 YEARS.
Mr. P. J. Lapp, 1225 Stark Ave., Canton, O., writes: "I have used your C Treatment and am more than pleased with the results. I had used tobacco for about 24 years, in fact I could not do without it, but I am now completely freed of the habit. I cannot say enough in praise of your Treatment and I certainly recommend it."

SMOKED TWENTY CIGARS DAILY.
Mr. B. F. Williams, McLain, Miss., writes. "I took your C Treatment for the tobacco-habit and haven't had any desire for tobacco in any form since. I believe I am permanently freed of the habit. I smoked all the time except when asleep; often 20 cigars daily."

IS IN FINE, HEALTHY CONDITION.
Mr. W. H. Achterberg, Converse, Tex., writes: "Since taking your C Remedy, I am feeling better than I ever have before. I am in a fine and healthy condition."

NEVER FELT BETTER IN HIS LIFE.
Mr. Andrew Thrapp, Waldo, Kansas, writes: "After having waited a long time, I can now write you that I have been entirely freed from the tobacco habit. I have had the tobacco-habit for [illegible] years and I can say that I never was so glad of anything in my life as when I found out that I was freed of the accursed habit. I never felt better in all my life, than since I took your C Treatment, and I can cheerfully recommend it to anyone."

HE TRIED TO GIVE IT UP.
Mr. Wm. M. Morrill, Antrim, N. H., writes: "I have taken your C Treatment with great success, for I have been freed entirely of the tobacco habit. I have been a user of tobacco for years and have tried again and again to give it up, but I would always have to go back to it again; will-power, etc., would fail to keep me away from tobacco, but when I commenced your Treatment, the appetite almost immediately left me."

A LADY GIVES UP USING TOBACCO.
Mrs. Emer Carlites, [illegible], writes: "Your C Treatment [illegible] for it has freed me of the tobacco-habit. I cannot praise it high enough. I have been a constant user of tobacco for the last twenty-two years, it seemed I could not possibly do without it, but now, thanks to you, I haven't the least desire for it. My health also has improved wonderfully."

FEELS A THOUSAND TIMES BETTER.
Mr. John Rahmus, Frazee, Minn., writes: "I wish to thank you for what your C Treatment has done for me. I am a man of strong will power but I never could overcome the craving I had for both smoking and chewing tobacco. Since taking your Treatment, I have not had any taste for tobacco in any form and feel a thousand times better in every way."

HEALTH IMPROVED WONDERFULLY.
Mr. J. D. Hancock, 1804 [illegible] St., Lynchburg, Va., writes: "I have taken your C Set of Remedies and I can truthfully say that I am completely freed of the tobacco-habit. Since taking your treatment, I have not had the least craving for tobacco in any form. My health has improved wonderfully."

SNUFF RUINS HEALTH.
Miss Harriet Martin, Marietta, Okla., writes: "I have used snuff for 25 years, but since taking your C Treatment, my snuff habit was overcome."

IT SAVED HIM MONEY.
Mr. Otto Haldenwanger, Fort Casey, Wash., writes: "I have taken your Treatment as per your directions and I am doing fine. I can say that I didn't feel as good as at present, for a long time. I am glad I took your Treatment for not only did it save me money, but it improved my health and I am feeling entirely like a new person."

IT TOOK AWAY ALL DESIRE.
Mr. N. S. Gregg, 604 N. Nat. Ave., Fort Scott, Kansas, writes: "Your C Treatment for the tobacco-habit has taken away from me all desire and craving for the vile weed. I can advise all who wish to quit the use of tobacco, to use your C Treatment; it is very reliable in its work."

USED TOBACCO SINCE 10 YEARS OLD.
Mr. Fred M. Hunt, Calumet, Mass., writes: "I can truly say that I have given up the tobacco-habit for good and all. There has been a great change and although I have been using tobacco since I was 12 years of age, both in smoking and chewing, I experienced little trouble while taking your Remedies. The craving has gone and I am freed of the tobacco-habit."

WILL-POWER DID NOT HELP HIM.
Mr. J. E. McCabe, 119 McKinley Ave., Freeport, Ill., writes: "Since I took your C Treatment for the tobacco-habit, I note a great improvement in both my mental and physical conditions. I don't remember feeling better at any period in my life. I have smoked heavily for the past 10 years, but I have used my last cigar. Since I took your Treatment, I have not touched tobacco and never expect to again."

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It has helped thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing down feeling, indigestion, and nervous prostration, after all other means have failed. Why don't you try it?

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8 Full Quart Bottles Ullman's Whiskey $5.00

ONE BOTTLE DIXIE CHEER 1 Sample Old Athletic Club; with each 4 Quart Order for ULLMAN'S WHISKEY FREE

Express Prepaid

EXPRESS PREPAID

Now! Send remittance for $2.85 and we will ship you - express prepaid - four full quart bottles *Ullman's Reserve Stock Whiskey*, one bottle *Dixie Cheer*, and a sample bottle of *Athletic Club*; or remit us $5.00 and we will send you eight full quarts *Ullman's Reserve Stock Whiskey* with two free bottles *Dixie Cheer* and two bottles *Athletic Club*—express prepaid. Test the whiskey, by drinking all you please; if not delighted just return it to us and we will at once refund your money. All goods shipped in plain sealed package. Do not fail to take advantage of this wonderful "just-in-order-to-prove" offer. *Order today!*

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FOR SELLING ONLY $1.50 WORTH. American Movement, rich case, fine time-keeper, for selling 6 boxes Blood Tablets at 25c. each. When sold return $1.50 and we send Watch, also extra premium of Ring and Chain for money sent in 10 days.

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THE FAIRY CORNER

MA'S VALENTINE.

Pa dropped his book and looked away,
Then said to ma, "You know what day
Is almost here?" And ma said, "Yes,
I ought to know the day, I guess;
It's the same day you used to shine,
A-sendin' of a valentine
To every little girl you knew."
And pa said, "I sent one to you."

"Yes," ma said, "Lydia and Sue
And Belle and Bess got their share, too,
That you sent." Pa said,
"So they did!
I was a reg'lar Cupid kid,
All right. But then I spent my dough
For costly things for you, you know,
When we were keepin' company.
Them was glad days for you and me!"

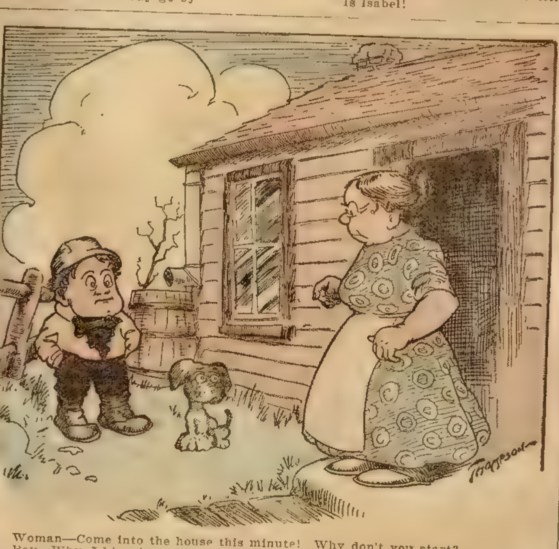
"Indeed, they was!" Ma give a sigh.
"You never let the day go by
From then to now, but that you bought
Something more costly than you ought.
I s'pose you'll do the same this year,
As always. Don't get nothin' dear."
Pa said, "I must, dear, for your sake—
I think I'll git a pound of steak."

SECRET.

I sent a valentine to Isabel,
But don't you tell!
It had a wreath of roses all about
With faces peeping out.
It seemed the very thing for Isabel,
But don't you tell!

I slid it underneath her door at eve—
None saw me leave;
And then I rang the bell and hid and saw
Her open wide the door
And standing in the lamplight read each line
Dear Valentine!

I sent this valentine to Isabel,
But don't you tell!
For no one knows I sent it (except one)
Beneath the traveled sun.
The only one who knows (I had to tell)
Is Isabel!



Woman—Come into the house this minute! Why don't you start?

Boy—Why, I kin git there in five seconds. That gives me fifty-five seconds to stand here.

❦

WHAT WAS IT?

He is not painted green or red,
My comic valentine,
With tiny frame and mammoth head,
My comic valentine,
Indeed, he is no printed thing,
For he can jump and run and spring,
And he can whistle, shout and sing,
My comic valentine.

He wears a tangled shock of hair,
My comic valentine.
His little nose points high in air,
My comic valentine.
His eyes are blue, his cheeks are fair,
Though freckles all go crowding there,
His mouth is big, his chin is square,
My comic valentine.

When Valentine's sweet days is here,
My comic valentine,
Comes softly whispering in my ear,
That comic valentine,
"Where are the cookies, sister dear,
You've hidden them again, I fear,
No kisses now, till they appear,"
Threats comic valentine.

Oh, some there are that angry be
With comic valentines,
Mine never brings offense to me,
My comic valentine.
Though some folks say my looks they see
In that small bunch of jollity,
That rollicking young imp of glee,
My comic valentine.

❦

You can get most of the things you want by working hard for them.

Valentine Archery.

This is a good way to choose partners for a game. Cut from red kindergarten paper as many hearts as there are people. Divide in two lots. On the back of one lot write halves of verses and the other halves on the back of the second lot. Pin one lot a couple of feet apart to a white sheet and hang at one end of the rooms removing breakable things from the vicinity. The other lot distribute to the girls. Each boy will in turn try to pierce a heart on the sheet with the bow and arrow given him. The one he comes nearest to belongs to him, and he finds his partner by the half verse on the back. For instance, Teddy pierces a heart on the back of which he finds

> "The rose is red,
> The violet blue."

and he searches among the girls till he finds Nellie has

> "Sugar is sweet
> And so are you."

They are partners for the next game, or for supper or whatever is arranged. To give the girls a chance to shoot, they should exchange hearts with the boys, pinning to the sheet those the girls had at first. Then the girls shoot—and they will probably hit the mark oftener than the boys. A prize may be given for the best shot; or a number of extra hearts pinned up and a prize offered for the best three shots out of five.

❦

A SHODDY BODY.

A lady from Passamaquoddy
Received a fine gift from somebody,
And the very next day took it off to the store—
Got back the money and tried to get more,
Which I call decidedly shoddy.

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Order From This Offer for at these prices the 100 cars will go quick. Send a deposit of 1/5 the amount of order — if the order is $5.00, send $1.00 deposit. If $10.00, send $2.00 and so on. State quantity wanted, figuring one roll will cover 100 sq. ft., and we will send the roofing C. O. D. by freight, subject to examination. The balance and freight charges you pay the agent after you find the roofing perfectly satisfactory, the equal of any rubber roofing you ever saw at double our price and a more wonderful bargain in roofing paper than you ever imagined possible. Otherwise have the agent return it at our expense and we will instantly refund your deposit.

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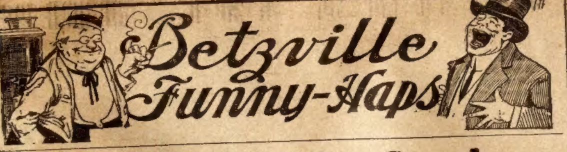

Rhinocolura and the Coachman

By Ellis Parker Butler

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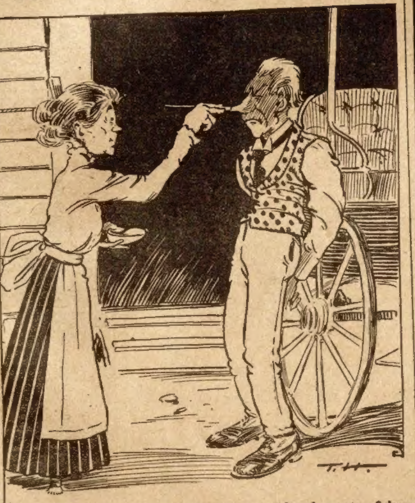

So they did the best they could, and gave him six coats of dye.

Aunt Rhinocolura Betz has long been the leader of Betzville society circles, and justly so, having always eight more kind of bottles of face wash on her toilet table than any other lady, out the real reason she keeps a carriage and coachman is because of her wooden leg, and not for style. But if a lady has to have the accessories of a wooden leg she might as well get all the style out of them that she can. If my head was very bald I would keep it so highly polished that it would be an ornament.

Five weeks ago last Tuesday Aunt Rhinocolura received a letter from her cousin's wife in Washington that was full of brag about her new coach, that was dark tan in the upholstering, and just matched her dark tan suit, and she said she had got that particular shade because it just matched her dark tan coachman's complexion, and that the whole thing was therefore very stylish.

It doesn't take much of a hint to inform Aunt Rhinocolura what is what, and as soon as she had finished the letter she called Jabez Wicks. Jabez is coachman to Aunt Rhinocolura, and has been ever since her leg got cut off, and he is a faithful fellow. So he came in and stood respectfully, and Aunt Rhinocolura read the letter to him, but as she went on Jabez turned mighty pale. The trouble was that Aunt Rhinocolura's coach was upholstered in dark green, and Aunt Rhinocolura had a dark green dress of the same shade. At first Jabez shuffled his feet on the floor, and then he gasped once or twice, like a fish, but Aunt Rhinocolura looked at him with a stern but kind eye, and so he just said "Gosh!" like a man that is so surprised he can't say any more.

So that afternoon Aunt Rhinocolura and her hired girl went out into the back yard, and Jabez rolled the coach out into the light, and they went to work on him with the package of Absolutely Fast Persian Dye. They had to have the coach so they could match the color exactly. It was a pretty hard color to match.

Aunt Rhinocolura admitted afterward that it was a mistake to try a dye that was meant for woolen goods on the human face, and it was not until they had tried and tried to get the right color that they thought of reading over the directions, and noticed that they said: "Boil the goods in the dye." When Aunt Rhinocolura read that a sort of spasm of fright passed over Jabez Wicks' face. Jabez was a faithful coachman but he seemed to have a lingering dislike to being boiled in green dye, and Aunt Rhinocolura, after she had considered the matter seriously decided she would not boil Jabez; it might get a better color, but Jabez wouldn't be much use as a coachman after he had been boiled. So they did the best they could and gave him six coats of dye, rubbing it in well, and at each coat he came a little nearer the shade of the coach upholstery, and at last Aunt Rhinocolura was satisfied and said he matched it well enough. He was a rich dark green, except his hair, which was red, and after Aunt Rhinocolura had stood on and off and studied him, she decided his hair was inharmonious, and she dyed his hair accordingly.

It was a proud moment for her and Jabez when they took their first drive. Aunt Rhinocolura had the blessed satisfaction of knowing she was right in style, and Jabez had the satisfaction of knowing he matched the upholstery as well as possible. It was affecting to see him lay his hand on the cushion of his seat and gaze at it with honest pride, and all would have been well if it hadn't come on to rain.

As soon as it began to rain Aunt Rhinocolura told Jabez to drive home as fast as he could, for she had doubts about the dye being a fast color, seeing it had not been boiled into his complexion, and Jabez whipped up, but the rain poured down on a slant, right into his face and on his hands, and when he reached the barn he was a bright and beautiful blue, with streaks of green all through it. He looked like a marbleized coachman, or an Easter egg.

They went right to work and dyed him up again, and the only thing they could think of to protect him against the rain was to varnish him. So they varnished him. They gave him one coat of varnish that evening, and said they would give him another coat in the morning, and then rub him well with pumice stone, to give him a high polish, and after that they would have no more trouble; all they would have to do would be to rub him over with furniture polish on a soft rag every Wednesday. But the next morning when they went out to give him the second coat he hadn't dried. The varnish seemed just as sticky as ever. So, as they didn't know what to do, they sent for Jiggers Duff, our popular painter and whitewasher, and as soon as he came he shook his head and said he didn't see that he could do anything. He said there should have been more dryer in the varn'sh, but that according to his idea they hadn't ought to have dyed Jabez at all. If they had wanted a real good job they should have given him two or three coats of flat green paint. But he said he guessed Jabez would dry some time. He said maybe it would take a month, and maybe a year, and that Jabez would always be rather sticky, and that if he did dry up he would never be able to smile again, for as sure as he did he would crack the varnish. Jabez said that was all right, that he felt right then as if he would never smile again, anyway.

But it turned out all right. The sand and dust blew against Jabez and gave him a finish like a gravel roof, and letting her dress and upholstery get dusty, too, Aunt Rhinocolura had a pretty good harmony. And when Jabez wants to sandpaper anything all he has to do is to rub it lovingly with his cheek.

In next week's Ledger another of these humorous sketches will appear, called "Plogs and the Honk-Honk." It's a funny one; read it.

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* * *

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HOME AND FASHION

The Blouse.

Foremost among the revivals of the winter is the return to favor of our old friend the blouse, which suffered a period of almost total eclipse during the summer, when the all conquering "little frock" swept everything before it. It comes back absolutely in its earliest and most elementary form. The shirtwaist was the shape in which the blouse was first made known to us, if one excludes the old Garibaldi, and this year it will reign again in all its trim simplicity.

A variety of pretty designs is already to be seen. Tucks are the favorite, indeed, almost the only form of decoration, accasionally set in groups or arranged in varying widths, but most of the new blouses are made with half-inch tucks at regular intervals across the front and back. Plain sleeves to the wrist, finished by a straight cuff, not too tight fitting, and either a tucked or a stock collar, and a little breast pocket, into which a dainty handkerchief can be tucked, as well as buttonholes cut on the bias, will be features of the shirts in question.

For morning wear the leading materials will be plain and fancy challis, nun's veiling, wash silks, silk poplin, and the pretty and useful cotton poplin, better known as poplin linen, which washes to perfection and is substantial enough to be very comfortable wear on a chilly autumn day. It is produced practically in all colors, and has the crowning merit of being very inexpensive. Striped challis will be very fashionable as a blouse fabric and looks charmingly dainty made with a stock collar and a dainty tie to match the stripe.

Even silk and satin blouses will be made with the utmost simplicity. If for evening wear, the sleeves will reach only just below the elbow, and will be finished with a band of lace insertion piped at both edges with the silk. Kimonos will still be worn, but often without a vestige of embroidery, the neck being finished with a narrow edging of the material, bordering a tiny guimpe, with a high collar.

❧

Needlework, etc.

A famous French designer never places a dark fabric directly against the neck, but softens the demarcation with folds of chiffon or tulle, so that flesh and gown seem to melt invisibly into each other.

To make kitchen aprons last twice as long, make a seam down the front. Then when the front is wearing thin sew the two sides of the apron together and open the front seam, and you have practically a new apron. To prevent pockets from catching on door knobs and tearing, put them on wrong side of apron.

For the woman who crochets with steel needles, the little corks covered with ribbon or a crocheted flower of silk or cotton are an invaluable addition to the work basket. Once stick the needle into a fancy little trifle of this sort and it is seldom lost, whereas any one who uses a steel crochet needle knows how absurd and annoying is its habit of disappearing.

A good list to follow when sewing by hand, and one that an experienced needlewoman suggests for the various number of needles and cotton, includes: A No. 9 needle for 70 and 80 cotton, when hemming and tucking; a No. 8 needle for 50 and 60 cotton for plain sewing, overhauling and overcasting; a No. 7 needle for 40 and 50 cotton for buttonholes, and a No. 1 needle for 36 and 40 thread for gathering.

❧

Dainty Pillows.

Without sacrificing any of the daintiness of her household decorative effects the housewife today rejoices to introduce the note of utility and sometimes amid the color and glitter of her drawingroom the result is not a little bizarre as well as pleasing.

Cushions on the whole are much darker and more serviceable than they were, and pretty things of pale soft color and trimmed with lace are reserved for the bedroom or the boudoir. In sitting or smoking rooms, though, the colors are rich and a thread of gold or silver often runs through them.

❧

Uses for Bread.

There are many ways in which bread may be wasted.

Bread, where economy is studied, should not be eaten before it is thirty-six hours old, and it becomes stale and unpalatable after three days. The bread should be stored in a cool place which is free from dampness.

In the pantry should stand a special covered receptacle for pieces of bread, crust and scraps. A large earthenware pan, a wooden butter tub or box or a large flour tub may be utilized.

This should be kept clean, emptied every day or every two days, wiped out carefully and loose crumbs removed, and scalded or scrubbed once a week, for unless this is done the bread quickly becomes moldy and unfit for use. All crusts, heels of loaves, trimmings from toast, etc., that cannot be used at once should be placed in this.

There are a great many ways of using the accumulated pieces, principally in the form of puddings. When the housekeeper arranges the menu for the day, puddings in which bread can be introduced should be often served, though not necessarily in the same form.

In every fixed menu provision should be made for a daily use of pieces of bread. It is difficult to detect the use of bread in many puddings if the fragments are carefully prepared beforehand.

❧

Wedding Ideas.

An old custom directs that the bride on being conducted to her room, shall remove her shoe and throw it among the bystanders.

It goes on to declare that the catcher of the shoe will soon be married happily.

There was also an old superstition that for a bride to have good fortune she must enter the house under two drawn swords.

An unpleasant superstition declared that whoever should walk under a ladder would not be married that year.

There was at one time a curious superstition that if the youngest daughter of a family should marry before her eldest sisters they must all dance at her wedding without shoes. This precaution would in the end procure them husbands.

Again, it was said, that the bride should not step over the threshold of her husband's house the first time, but should be lifted over by her nearest relatives.

❧

For the Housewife.

Salt on the fingers when cleaning fowls, meat or fish will prevent slipping.

If a small piece of zinc is burned in with the coal occasionally it will coat the interior of the chimney so that soot will not form in it.

If rice is cooked in water it will absorb about three times its measure. If it is cooked in milk at least half as much more liquid will be necessary.

Do not rub fabrics roughly between the hands when cleaning them. It will be found sufficient to rub the cleaning fluid in gently with a fresh cloth.

To simmer is to boil slowly; if the liquor throws up bubbles above its surface it is boiling at a gallop and will harden any meat that is cooking in it.

To brown dishes that cannot be placed in the oven heat a salamander or round iron plate with a handle attached until red hot and pass over the top of the dish, being careful not to scorch.

❧

Fashion Notes.

Cotton fabrics are in high favor.

Soft taffetas, surahs and failles are still in vogue.

Cotton agaric or Turkish toweling effects are prominent.

Costume skirts are draped either on one or on both front sides.

No radical novelty in sleeves. Three-quarter length preferred.

First hats for spring are either small and close or large and high trimmed.

Many charming theater caps of gold, net or lace and known as "bonnets de soir" are notably the rage.

Novelty Shetland sweaters for women have the lining and top knitted separately of contrasting colors.

The high crown hat has not yet seen its day, in spite of the fact that most of the new forms are low and flat.

Tunics are longer at the back than the front, and elaborate embroidery and fringe are used to decorate them.

Deeply plaited frills of net and lace, mounted to either high standing collar bands or low bands, are expected to be fashionable.

Odd and original jewelry, set with different colored stones, shows the richness and color of Oriental work to match the Oriental design in gowns.

The "accordion" muff is made of any fabric at least a yard wide and is spread out with fur and ruffles. When the bands are inserted and it is slightly crumpled together the effect is very pretty.

Scarfs have a rival in little capes made of mousseline de soie trimmed with embroidery of angora wool to match the material. The long slender ends are graceful and make the cape easily handled.

The regulation coat sleeves, without any fullness in the top, are the most desirable in utility outer garments, but in the auto, as well as in the dressy wraps the sleeves with the large armhole, finished off with a deep cuff, is particularly desirable. The set-on kimono sleeve is also used, but the regulation kimono is rarely seen and then only in evening wraps.

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HEALTH

Rest for Mothers.

The most important personage in the household is the mother. She is worth more to her children as a mother, a counselor, a close personal friend, a genial companion, a sympathetic teacher, wise and watchful guardian, than she can possibly be as a seamstress or cook. Let her be slow to waste herself in duties that are not supreme, or lose the preciousness of her home life by making herself a slave to what is not essential. Here is a piece of work she can do, but some beautiful purpose that might elevate her own and her children's lives could be accomplished in the same time, and must be set aside for it. What are her woman's wit and ingenuity for if they cannot help her to some device by which she can accomplish the double good of saving herself and assigning the work to some other woman's hands?

The mothers of our homes have too little rest, too little actual leisure; they are always under pressure of ceaseless duties, and they do not stop to consider whether it might not be wiser to accomplish less and make better workmanship; to drop a part of their undertakings, and devote their efforts, with less divided aim, to the rest.

The mother does not even follow the the teachings of her own best judgment in these matters. Other people decide upon her duties and plan her work for her, and she submits. She rebels perhaps, and protests more or less vigorously; but in the end she submits, and takes up the work somebdoy thinks she ought to do, or add to her burdens this one thing more which somebody clearly sees she has ordained to carry. And so, harassed and hurried, and pulled hither and thirther, she gets through life in the condition of the poor old soul to whom heaven looked most attractive as a place where she was "going to do nothing forever and ever."

❦

Health Notes.

One who suffers from perspiration should make a practice of scrubbing the body with hot water and pure soap at least once a day, and if possible twice.

A lotion which has been found to heal chapped hands very quickly is prepared from two parts of glycerin, two parts of rosewater and one part of citric acid.

Learn to be comfortable. Under no conditions wear shoes too small. Worse than spoiling your feet, they are ruining your nerves. Never wear a collar that chokes nor an armhole that is too tight.

To make albumenized milk for an invalid take one-half cup of milk and the white of one egg. Put while of egg into a tumbler, add the milk, cover tightly and shake until it is thoroughly mixed.

A sensitive skin grows rough and red at the least contact with the wind, and nothing is more effective in its preservation than an application of witch-hazel, which not only soothes but heals and whitens the skin, and is most inexpensive.

A splinter which has been in the flesh may be removed by the aid of steam. Secure a wide mouthed bottle and fill it with hot water; place the injured part over the mouth of the bottle and press tightly. This will draw down the flesh and in a minute or so the steam will extract the splinter.

Indigestion is anything but conducive to good looks or a clear skin. Avoid overeating, which is bad for the skin as well as the body. Proper diet is absolutely essential to a good complexion. Eat nourishing, well cooked food and drink plenty of water between meals. See that proper elimination takes place each day. Eat sparingly of pastry and confectionery.

When you are tired or have a slight headache and want to freshen up for the evening, bathe the face and throat in hot perfumed water. Pour some of your favorite toilet water into a small basin of hot water, use a soft woolen or Turkish wash cloth and go slowly over the face and throat with a rotary motion. Pay attention to forehead, temples and back of the ears. You will find it more refreshing than an hour's rest. It will also brighten the eyes and freshen the skin.

❦

Open Windows.

Don't sleep in a closed room.

Fresh air is the basis requisite to good health. A sealed chamber is a breeding place for disease.

The lungs utilize the oxygen they breathe and expel their impurities in your exhalations.

Within an hour a man consumes all the oxygen in the average room. If the windows and transoms are down and the door is shut thereafter he breathes foul poisons.

Rural communities should, by reason of natural advantages, be practically immune from the "white plague," but statistics show a greater percentage of consumptives among farmers than any other class of people.

Who isn't familiar with the deadly parlor, with its stale atmosphere, where for days at a stretch whole generations of malignant germs are permitted to incubate undistributed. A week often passes without the admission of sunlight. As well spend an afternoon in a smoke filled tunnel as remain in such a pesthole.

Open the windows even in the rain—far better to spoil a few trumpery lace curtains and spot the carpet than jeopardize your health.

❦

Old Age.

Intemperance anticipates age. The more the social causes of mental and physical organic diseases are investigated, the more closely the origin of degenerative organic changes leading to premature deterioration and decay are questioned, the more closely does it come out that occasional as well as habitual intemperance, often not suspected by the person chiefly affected, so subtle is its influence, is at the root of the evil.

When old age has really commenced its march toward final decay, it is most effectually delayed by attention to those rules of conversation by which life is sustained with the least friction and the least waste. The prime rules for this purpose are: To subsist on light but nutritious diet, with milk as the standard food, but varied according to season. To take food, in moderate quantity, three times in the day. To clothe yourself warmly but lightly, so that the body may, in all seasons, maintain its equal temperature. To keep the body in fair exercise, and the mind active and cheerful. To maintain an interest in what is going on in the world, and to take part in reasonable labors and pleasures, as though old age were not present. To take plenty of sleep during sleeping hours. To spend eight hours in bed at the least, and to take care during cold weather that the temperature of the bedroom is maintained at sixty degrees Fahrenheit. To avoid passion, excitement, luxury; to maintain a calm temper on all occasions, and thus exert yourself to the utmost to ward off old age.

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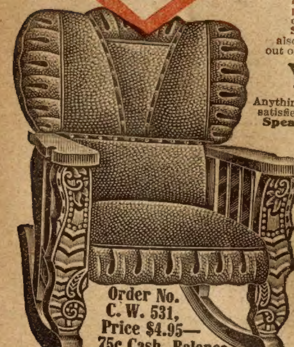

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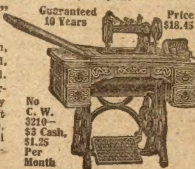
Fitted with High Arm, Improved Drop Head, Ball Bearing Iron Stand. Beautifully Carved Quartered Oak Case, highly glossed. Automatic Lift Head—Dust Proof Case. Full equipment of steel attachments and accessories.



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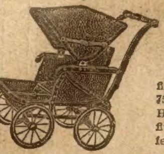

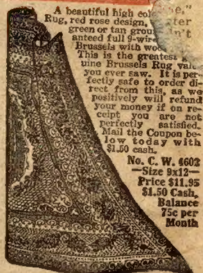

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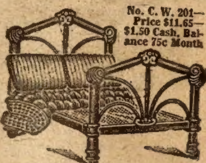
No. C. W. 4602 —Size 9x12— Price $11.95 $1.50 Cash, Balance 75c per Month



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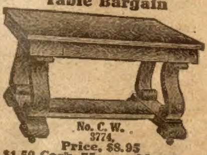
This handsome Metal Bed is *Spear's* exclusive design, and is an extraordinary bargain. A Complete Bed Outfit, consisting of heavy, perfectly constructed Iron Bed, any color, 4 ft. 6 ins. wide, a good woven wire spring with coil supports; 50 lb. cotton top mattress and 2 pillows, all for $11.65. Money back if not delighted. Order by lower right hand corner Coupon.

Spear's Library Table Bargain



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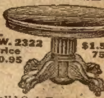
A large, heavy table 28 in. x 42 in. distinctive Colonial design, finished in American Quartered Oak, highly glossed, fitted with drawer. Guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Spear's Extension Table



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$1.50 cash 75c per month

A Solid Oak Extension Table, finished rich golden. **$1.50 Cash, 75c per Month.** Extends 6 feet. Has 42-inch top, heavy 8-inch fluted pillar and large claw feet. **30 days' free trial.**

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